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FROM BRAIN AND PEN, O VIRTU
VICE FLY AS CHARLIE, AND JOH

AN IMPARTIAL

HISTORY

OF THE

Rise, Progress, and Extinction

OF THE LATE

REBELLION IN BRITAIN,

IN

THE YEARS 1745 AND 1746.

Giving an Account of every Battle, Skirmish, and Siege, from the Time of the Pretender's coming out of France, until he landed in France again: with Plans of the Battles of Prestonpans, Clifton, Falkirk, and Culloden.

Together with a real Description of the Dangers and Travels of the Pretender thro' the Highlandisles, after the Break at Culloden.

BY D. GRAHAM.

THE EIGHT EDITION.

GLASGOW,

Printed by J. & M. Robertson, [No. 26] Saltmarket, 1803.



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PREFACE.

IT is grown cuſtomary to introduce New Publications (however trifling) to the Public, with ſome kind of Oration in their Favour——Some muſt have their Literary Productions ſheltered under the Protection of the Great, that they may have an Opportunity of ſhowing their Talents in paying flattering Compliments, to gratify their Patron's Vanity, often at the expence of Truth, and always with the ſiniſter View of advantage to themſelves——Others take their own Word for it, are prevailed upon to publiſh their Writings at the requeſt of judicious Friends, thereby, laying the Public under a kind of Tribute to their friends, by obliging them to ſubſcribe to their Judgement, or condemn their Taſte, and excuſe the poor Author, whoſe modeſty would otherwiſe have kept his Productions a Secret—Some have a Rote with the momentous View of inſtructing and amending the World,——a laudable, but arduous Taſk! and every one alledges ſome Reaſon or other for commencing Author.

I TOO have my Reaſons, which I will candidly own; I ſhall not ſay they are as weighty as others are; but I will venture to affirm, they are as common, and ſuch as have introduced into the World ten thouſand BRATS of the BRAIN, beſides mine.

FIRST then, I have an Itch for Scribbling, and having wrote the following for my Pleaſure, I had an Ambition to have this Child of mine placed out in the World, expecting, if it ſhould thrive and do well, it might bring Credit or Comfort to the Parent——*For it is my firm Opinion, that Parental Affection is as ſtrong towards Children of the Brain, as thoſe produced by natural Generation.*

HAVING thus far ſhown my Reaſon for Publiſhing, allow me in the next place, to ſhow my Method——I have no dread of any Body's finding Fault with me for telling the Truth, becauſe Charles has no Sway here; Duke William, once the Idol of the loyal Britiſh, is gone to the houſe of Silence, and I believe. if I ſhould take the Liberty to tell the Truth of him, no Body could blame me—therefore, I have impartially related all that to me ſeem'd worth while, of the actions of either Party in that confuſed Fray, from the Writings of the Celebrated VOLTAIRE, from the Author of ASCANIUS, or from my own OBSERVATION, having been an Eye-witneſs to moſt of the movements of the Armies, from the Rebels firſt croſſing the Ford of Frew to their final Defeat at Culloden.——The Highlanders STEALT, RAIVT, and SIFFED the KIRN, I really think, pinching Hunger cauſed moſt of their Diſorders.—The Redcoats unmercifully houghed the Cows, and burnt the Houſes of many poor folks who were innocent of the Rebellion: By both, the Sakeleſs ſuffered.—I have wrote it in Vulgar Rhyme, being what not only pleaſed my own Fancy, but what I have found acceptable to the moſt part of my countrymen, eſpecially to thoſe of common Education like myſelf. If I have done well, 'tis what I ſhould like, and if I have failed, 'tis what mankind are liable to——Therefore, let Cavilers rather write a better one, than peſter themſelves and the Public with their Criticiſms of my Faults.—To the candid Public, I beg leave to preſent it, ſuch as it is, and if they applaud, let Zoilus carp his fill——I have gained my End, and am

The Public's moſt obedient Servant,

DOUGAL GRAHAM

THE HISTORY OF THE REBELLION IN BRITAIN, IN THE YEARS 1745, and 1746.

CHAP. I.

Introduction and Origin of the War. Charles' landing in Scotland and March to Tranent.

IN the year ſe'enteen hundred and forty one,
An in.perious and bloody war began,
Amongſt the kings and queens in Germany,
Who ſhould the Roman Emperor be.
French and Pruſſians did jointly go,
The Hungarian queen to overthro';
But Britiſh, Hanoverians, and Dutch,
Eſpous'd her cauſe, and that too much,
From year to year, the flame it grew,
Till armies to the field they drew.
At Dettingen and Fontenoy,
Did many thouſand lives deſtroy.
And then the French, they form'd a plan,
To animate our Highland clan,
By ſending the Pretender's ſon
To claim Great Britian as his own;
Which Drew the Britiſh forces back,
And made the German war to ſlack.
In the month of July, forty-five,
This project into act, they drive.

Prince Charles, the Pretender's ſon,
On board a French frigate is gone,
With Sullivan, of Iriſh Birth,
And Tilly-bairn of noble worth;
With other five Scots natives more,
Left Lazare, on Brittany ſhore.
Firſt to Belleiſle they ſteer'd their way
July the fifteenth that very day,
Where they the Elis'beth did join,
A man of war, with arms and coin,
To be his guardian-ſhip, and ſtore,
But could not reach the Britiſh ſhore;
Altho' well mann'd with ſixty guns,
The Engliſh Lion made blood and wounds,
Her captain ſlew, and ſeventy more;
Made all her crew with wounds and gore,
Fly with the wind in haſte to France,
And into Brett they got by chance.
Right narrowly, eſcaping ſinking,
Show'rs of balls around them clinking.
Thus by the Lign, and captain Brett,
He and his convoy were ſeparate.
His frigate eleven guns did carry,
But on the battle, ſhe did not tarry,
And thought it beſt to get away,
Becauſe he'd been the richeſt prey:
The Scottiſh coaſt, he reach'd at laſt,
Amongſt the Iſles, into the weſt,
Near Lochaber, there did he land
At Kinloch-moidart, I underſtand;
With one Macdonald he did ſtay,
And on his ſtandart did diſplay
This motto, TANDEM TRIUMPHANS,
At length triumphant, the Engliſh is.
His *Manifeſtocs*, alſo ſpread
Which for the Scots, great favour had;
How that the Union, he'd diſſolve,
And the tax from Malt, Salt and coal;
And as for the High Church of England,
As now eſtabliſh'd 'twas to ſtand;

But for Scots Kirk, call'd Presbyt'ry,
He would consider at more delay.
This set the clergy on his tap,
And kept some thousands from the trap,
Wherein with him they had been snar'd
If under arms, they had appear'd.
The Highland Chiefs and clans together,
But of the end, did not consider,
If their designs, miscarry should,
How that they were of all befool'd.
The Cam'rons rose, headed by Lochiel,
And Stewarts did under Appin dwell,
With the Macdonalds of Glengary,
These clans did first his arms carry,
Numb'red one thousand, eight hundred men,
But badly arm'd, as you may ken;
With lockless guns, and rusty swords,
Durks and pistols of ancient sorts,
Old scythes, with their rumples even,
Into a tree, they had them driv'n;
And some with battons of good oak,
Vow'd to kill at every stroke:
Some had hatchets upon a pole,
Mischievous weapons, antick and droll,
Was both for cleaving and for clicking,
And durking too, their way of speaking.
Their uniform, was belted plaids,
Bonnets of blue upon their heads,
With white cokade and naked thie,
Of foot, as nimble as may be.
The rumour spread thro' all the land,
Of the Pretender and his band.
Then two companies padrolling went
Of Sinclair's soldiers, with intent,
For to disperse this rebel crew,
But found it was too hard to do;
Being surrounded by the way,
And forc'd their arms down to lay,
They *prisoners of* war were made,
Amidst them all, they freedom had;



wethenham of Guiſe's foot,
on parole, releaſe got,
ave the real authentic count
ſtrength the Highland pow'rs did mount,
did command, what clans they were,
they encamped, when and where.
Sir John Cope gen'raliſſimo,
ps in Scotland prepar'd to go
k and Scatter them, if he might,
re they came to a great height,
l all inventions did contrive,
catch that Prince dead or alive.
proclamation there was made,
thirty thouſand * for his head,
t this did not prevent his friends,
m to aſſiſt with men and means,
rom different corners of the land,
hey came for to augment his band.
ut Cope into the North he went,
hinking their growth for to prevent;
With all the force he could collect,
Light arm'd they were, thinking to break
And ſcatter a wild unarmed crew,
Who that of fighting nothing knew.
The horſe he made at Stirling ſtay,
Under the wall encamp'd they lay,
While he march'd on from hill to hill,
But them to find he had no ſkill,
For Charles ſent in their way a ſcout,
At which they follow'd cloſe purſuit,
O'er the mountains to Inverneis;
Before he heard where Charlie was,
Poſſeſſed of the town of Perth,
And there was join'd by men of worth,
The Drummonds and Duke John by name
Whoſe ſtile was Perth of noble fame;
There Elcho came, and Broughton too,
With Balmarino not a few,

* *Pounds Sterling.*

Kilmarnock alſo gave conſent
And afterwards unto them went,
With many more from north to ſouth,
Of gentlemen, the flower of youth.
Here of Prince Regent, he took the name,
And his royal Father did proclaim,
King of Great Britain, and Ireland,
With all its titles you'll underſtand,
And here they lifted tax and ceſs,
Which did the lieges ſore oppreſs,
And what was worſe, I underſtand
Without his knowledge or command,
Some thieviſh bands, in many parts,
To cloak their rog'ry, us'd theſe arts,
In tartan dreſs'd from top to toe,
Arms and livery had alſo;
Plunder'd the country where they went,
Profeſs'd they by the Prince were ſent,
To levy horſes, men and money,
Extorting caſh and horſe from many:
Exciſe and ceſs made people pay,
And gave receipts, ſo juſt were they:
A famous way for making rich.
But Charlie got the blame of ſuch,
Which did his merit ſore defame,
And gave his men a thieviſh name.
Many of his crew indeed were greedy,
To fill their bellies when they were needy;
They cocks and hens, and churns and cheeſe
Did kill and eat, when they could ſeize,
And when the owners did exclaim,
" *Hup poup*, herſel be far frae hame,
" You need not faſh to ſay nothing,
" Herſelf brings you a bra' new king."
From Perth they march'd unto Dunblane,
And then by Down the road they've ta'en;
By Stirling-bridge they could not go,
Fearing the caſtle, and troops alſo,
Gardner and Hamilton's dragoons
Which lay encampt between the towns







FROM BRAIN AND PEN, O VIRTUE
VICE FLY AS CHARLIE, AND JOHN

There ſhot the ſheep, and made them fall,
Whirl'd off the ſkin and that was all;
Struck up fires and broil'd the fleſh,
With ſalt and pepper did not faſh.
This did enrage the Cam'ron's chief,
To ſee his men ſo play the thief;
And finding one into the act,
He ſir'd and ſhot him through the back;
Then to the reſt himſelf addreſt,
" This is your lot, I do proteſt,
" Whoe'er amongſt you wrongs a man,
" Pay what you get, I tell you plain;
" For yet we know not friend or foe,
" Nor how all things may chance to go."
And then to arms they order'd were,
On thoughts of Gardner's coming there;
But finding that he did decline,
They took the hills on ſome deſign,
Where men on horſe could hardly ſit,
They ſpeil'd the rocks like goat or cat,
Out o'er the top, above Red-ha'
To the moor of Touch went one and a'.
And in that moor lay all that night
Where Stirling caſtle's in their ſight,
About three miles ſouth from the town,
Which made Gardner to leave his ground,
Who lay encamp'd in Stirling park,
And judging they might in the dark
Upon him have ſome rude deſign,
For which his camp he did reſign,
But for Falkirk they march'd away,
And all that night in field they lay,
Between Larbert and Falkirk town,
Then the morrow were eaſtward bound,
Through Lithgow to Edinburgh went,
To meet with Cope was his intent.
When Charlie found that they were fled,
Upon their rear, his front he led,
And *near to Stirling* marched by,
While the caſtle at him let fly;



But being too far and badly ſerv'd,
Nought but terror was obſerv'd;
Which made the ſtragglers mend their bicker,
And only run a pace the quicker;
Which kept them in from ſecking plunder,
And cry, "That pe o'er muckle thunder."
So through St. Ninian's they paſt wi' ſpeed;
To Bannockburn they did proceed,
There on the moor lay down to reſt,
And from their friends got a repaſt,
Of what the country could afford,
As of 'munition they were not ſtor'd;
Neither of bread nor baggage-carts,
Good bread and ale to cheer their hearts,
Came crowding in many a hunder
And all to keep them back from plunder;
As hunger will make men to ſteal,
Forſooth they took both broſe and kail,
And when refreſh'd they march'd away
Yet ſome indeed forgot to pay.
Then through Torwood with ſpeed they paſt,
To Callender-houſe they came at laſt,
A little by eaſt Falkirk town
Where ſtore of arms in it they foun',
Whereof they ſurely ſtood in need,
Then to Linlithgow did proceed;
Op'ned the priſon in ſearch of more,
Thinking to ſeize on Gardner's ſtore,
But the information was but mocks,
For all they found was ſacking frocks,
Which troopers uſe dreſſing their horſe,
This made Herkel to rage and curſe,
Saying, "Het, tat ſoger has been chac'd,
"And left his auld ſark in the hatte."
To Borrowſt'neſs they did advance,
Where powder and lead they found by chance;
To Winceburgh then, they march'd that day
And form'd a camp in regular way,
About eight miles from Edin. weſt,
Expecting to be attack'd in haſte,

By horſe, cit'zens and city-guard,
Who all for marching were prepar'd,
Thinking, upon Corſtorphin plain,
To give them battle they did intend;
But yet the Achans in the town
Advis'd to lay all arms down.
Then Gen'ral Gueſt to the caſtle went,
Perceiving what was their intent,
With what arms and reg'lars he had,
For nought they ſhould not it invade.
When Charles found how all might be,
He marched on courageouſlie,
Within two miles weſt from the town;
Then by Slateford took compaſs round,
By the ſouth ſide of Burrow-muir,
Out of the caſtle's ſight and power.
South from the city he camp'd again,
While the ſurrender was made plain.
In the night, September the ſeventeen,
Into the city all marched in;
Which gave to many a ſad ſurpriſe,
Rapping at their doors to make them riſe;
The caſtle then ſtruck round her clear,
None in its ſight there durſt appear,
They fixed the guard at the Weſt-Bow-head,
And the Weigh-houſe their guard-houſe made,
Crowding it full 'bove and below;
When this the caſtle came to know,
Their half-moon-cannon 'gan to play,
Like mad men then they ran away;
But ſuch a *furich* was never there,
As they tumbled headlong down the ſtair:
All in a haſte got out together,
And riding one above another;
Each ſtriving formoſt for to get,
Their naked hips and noſes met.
They centries kept at the Weſt-port,
Which did afford the caſtle ſport;
As oftentimes they did let fly,
Made many on the ſtreets to ly:

And alſo on the Caſtle-hill,
Sham ſallies did them many kill:
Ev'n for to draw them in the ſnare,
When they return'd, purſu'd they were,
Being unacquainted with ſuch play,
They pop'd them off both night and day.
Then tidings came in from Dunbar,
Of Gen'ral Cope's arrival there
But twenty miles from Ed'nburgh eaſt,
Which made them all take arms in haſt
On the eaſt ſide of Arthur's ſeat,
They rendezvouz'd both ſmall and great
And call'd a council what to do;
For ten miles eaſt they had a view
Of all the coaſt to Aberlady,
And ſo for battle made all ready.

The Duke of Perth and great Lochiel
They chus'd for ground that riſing fell,
Weſt from Tranent, up Briſſie-brae,
A view both ſouth and north to ha'e.
A few were left on Arthur's Seat,
Thinking the King's army to cheat.

CHAP. II.

Battle of Preſton-pans. Rebels return burgh, and behaviour there.

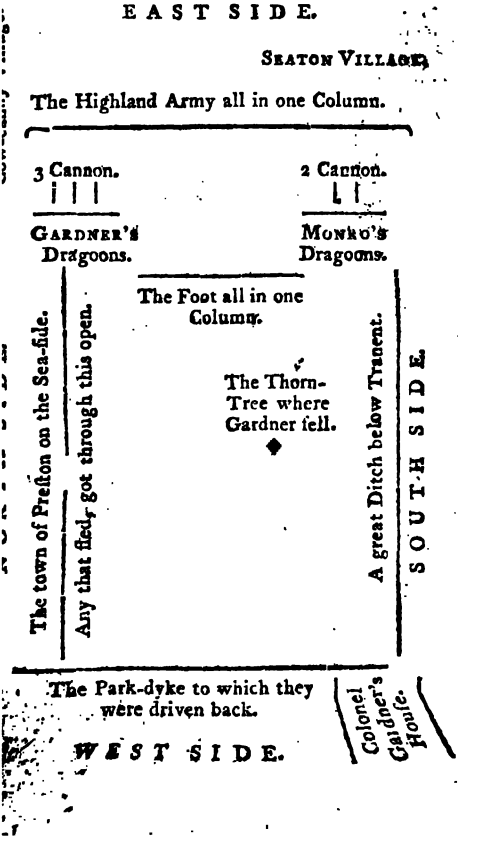
NOW, at Dunbar, both foot and h
Were join'd again, with full purp
The proud Pretender's force to try,
And all the Highland pow'rs defy:
Commanded by Cope and fu'rous Fowk
Who had, alas! their plan miſtook;
Though Loudon and Gardner both were
They in council had but little ſhare:
For Cope he challeng'd the ſole comma
And Fowke was ſtill at his demand.
A day's march made from Haddington,
Judg'd great fatigue, four miles of gro

Between Cow-canny and Tranent
There Cope encamp'd to council, went
Loudon and Gardner were of a mind,
That night to fight were well deſign'd;
Cope ſhamm'd it till another day,
In hope 'twould prove a cheaper way:
" Old men and boys, he ſaid would run,
" Sight of his army would them ſtun,
" A rabble undiſciplin'd to fight,
" They neither have courage nor might.
" This day we've march'd enough, you'll grant,
" T' morrow we'll make the rogues repent."
—With that the Highlanders appear'd,
(While Cope huzza'd, mocked and jeer'd)
On the hill-top be-weſt Tranent,
All in good order, for battle bent.
Then Cope began to cannonade,
So back behind the hill they fled,
Thought it too hard to face his ſhot,
As 'tween them lay a ditch or moat:
Their chiefs in council quickly choſe,
On the eaſt ſide Cope to encloſe,
South, north, and weſt, he was hemm'd in,
No ways but one could at him win.
This was about the hour of two,
When firſt they did each other view.
The afternoon was fair and clear;
Yet Sir John Cope ſtopt all we hear,
The fields are plain around Tranent,
South the town grow whins and bent,
Here Charles kept his men ſecure,
Sinking on battle ev'ry hour,
Cope to move no man could treat
Ere than he had been Arthur's ſeat,
Which hill-ſide he ſpy'd ſome men,
Now'd they were the Rebel train,
Ch was divided in parties two,
In his *rear in* ambuſh drew;
Which the piece of ground he chus'd,
All ſides it was inclos'd,



So under arms they ſtood all night,
Till break of day began the fight.
His troops indeed none can deny,
Were form'd in order gallantly;
The foot into the center ſtood,
And cavalry, wings covered,
With each battalion was ſeen
Counter-guards, carnons between.
All night he in this poſture ſtood,
While Charlie in a buſhy wood,
A little be-weſt of Seaton town,
Picquets and Spies went him around,
Lay undiſcover'd till break of day,
Then rous'd like lions for their prey,
In full brigades and oval form,
Upon Cope's front came as a ſtorm,
The orders were not for to fire,
Until they came a little nigh'r;
To ſham the firſt fell to the ground,
By which means few receiv'd a wound:
And ere they gave the other charge,
They on them with their ſword and targe.
The furious Cam'rons led by Lochiel,
With hideous cries gave ſuch a knell
As frighted both dragoons and horſe,
They could not fight but roar and curſe:
And Sir John Cope, for all his might,
Went with the foremoſt out of ſight.
Fierce Fowke, brave Hume and Loudon both,
For to be ta'en that day were loth,
Few of the horſemen ſtood at all,
Woe to their conduct worſt of all;
For thoſe who on the right wing ſtood,
A whole battalion over rode,
That kept the rear *Corps de garde*,
Quite over them they headlong tread.
One thing they knew, they were inclos'd,
And where to flee, was not diſpos'd:
They always fought the way they came:
Though in their face were ſword and flame.

A PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF PRESTON.



So when they got down to the ſea,
Took eaſt the coaſt moſt furiouſlie:
And ſome through Preſton venal fled,
Then weſt by Muſſelburgh they raid.
Up to the hills above Dalkeith,
O'er Sutrae hill and out of ſkaith,
In ſuch a pannic, 'twas a ſhame,
Ran thirty miles even to Coldſtream,
And there to reſt they would not yet:
But unto Berwick, next morning ſet,
Where all the fugitives did meet,
And Sir John Cope his cheeks did weet;
Becauſe they ſwore he had ſold them,
To fight nor flee he ne'er told them.

The poor foot, left here, paid for all,
Not in fair battle, with powder and ball;
But horrid ſwords of dreadful length,
So faſt came on, with ſpite and ſtrength,
Lochaber axes and ruſty ſcythes,
Durks and daggers prick'd their thighs:
Fix'd bay'nots had but little ſhare
With the long ſhanked weapons there;
Although they kept together faſt,
Their en'mies cloſe upon them preſt;
And back to back long did they ſtand,
Till loſt was many a head and hand.
Then after Gardner's party's beat,
The whole of's horſemen clean defeat,
Himſelf on foot rejoic'd to ſee
The brave lads fight ſo valiantly,
With no commander on their head,
To join that party ſwift he gade:
Although ſome wounds he got before,
To loſe the field his heart was ſore.
Then all around he was incloſ'd,
Behind, before, fiercely oppos'd,
With ſword in hand he hew'd his way,
While blood in ſtreams did from him fly,
Ere him down on the field they got,
His head was clove, his body ſhot,

eing ſep'rate from the reſt,
attle ſore upon him preſt,
fter he lay on the ground,
ercy was unto him ſhown,
n by the rude vulgar core,
entlemen lamented ſore;
ſe he would no quarter have,
they endeavour'd's life to ſave.
man he had, who by him ſtaid,
he on the field was laid,
hen he fled to the Meadow-mill,
he acquainted was right well,
e in diſguiſe return'd again,
ore him off from 'mongſt the ſlain.
tely dwelling was near by;
w he could not lift an eye,
ech was laid, all hopes were gone
ns of life, except a groan,
rs he liv'd but very few,
od Chriſti'n and ſoldi'r too,"
haracter he's left behind,
ry men there's few of's kind.
poor ſoot, on field, I can't forget,
ow were caught as in a net.
bove Cow-canny to Preſton-dyke,
a mile or near the like,
were beat backward by the clans,
the croſts 'bove Preſton-pans,
e high dyke held them again,
many taken were and ſlain;
gh they did for quarters cry,
lgar clans made this reply,
rters! you curſt ſoldiers, mad,
o'er ſoon to go to bed."
rt their officers and chiefs
in and begg'd for their reliefs.
ad not left one living there:
a deſp'rate rage they were,
many clans were back'd and ſlain;
their loſs they let not ken:

For by the ſhot fell not a few,
And many with bay'nots pierced thro'.
'Bove three hundred lay on the field,
Fifteen hundred were forc'd to yield,
The reſt with Cope got clear away,
And ſo ended this bloody fray,
Since call'd the battle of Preſton-pans,
Fought by John Cope and Charlie's clans,
September the twenty-firſt day,
Below Tranent a little way;
From Gladſmoor church two miles and mo
The place old Rhymer told long before,
" That between Seaton and the ſea,
" A dreadful morning there ſhould be,
" Meet in the morning lighted by the mo
" The lion his wound here, heal ſhall not f
In Thomas' book of this you'll read,
Mention'd by both Merlin and Bede.
Now, the field, tents, and warlike ſtore
And cannons, which they'd not before,
All fell into the conq'rer's hand,
Of arms many a hundred ſtand.
To Edinburgh then he did return,
His great triumph made many mourn,
Through Lothian then it was the way,
Whoſe man ye was ye durſt not ſay.
Nor to what ſide you'd wiſh good ſpeed;
So critical were times indeed.
To Holy-rood-houſe great Charles then,
Went in with all his noblemen,
Being low out of the caſtle's view
There to him flocked not a few,
Who were in dread to come before;
But now they thought the conqueſt o'er,
Rich preſents were unto him ſent,
And much time in gallanting ſpent,
His army here ſtrove to recruit,
Large collections were contribute,
Taxes, ceſs, and all king's dues,
His orders no man durſt refuſe:

le country and neighbouring towns
ly ſent in their pounds:
id carts they did provide,
i likewiſe theſe carts to guide.
n of all he was prepar'd,
hardſhip was declar'd,
were 'bout to leave the land,
:s ceſs before the hand,
ve a charge for all to pay
lt into the malting way,
:h to raiſe this contribution
of military execution.
id the brewers exaſp'rate,
nſwer they knew not what.
ſt quaker brew'd good ale,
ver wanted a ready tale,
the brewers did apply,
good counſel what to ſay:
at he had heard them ſpeak,
ſpeech, ſays he, does make me ſick,
ea and Nay, I think it's fit,
ep our money and pay with wit,
gh he's noble born, I do not lo'e him;
e'ertheleſs I will go to him:
he all the earthly into one ſkin,
out a lump of duſt and ſin,
gard the face of clay,
orrow be my bury'ng day:
enc'd around with men and ſword,
i I'll repel with ſimple words,"
oneſt quaker took his way,
l'd for Charles without delay.
nan who want to ſee him;
I have ſome bus'neſs wi' him,
, You muſt tell that to me,
and Nay, thou art not he,
ings which I have to tell,
eth none but Charles himſelf.
e'll *not permit* me in,
th I'll ſhut and not begin:

Then at the door he entrance gi
Yet neither mov'd his hand or hat
Says—" Charles, man what doſt t
" Thou ſure art not this country's
" Thou'rt worſe than all that came
" And will make the country quite
" Thou'rt worſe than George for
" He ne'er before-hand charg'd hi
" But gave ſix weeks to ſcrape it
" Thou can'ſt not whether we loſe
" We may die, ere ſix weeks be p
" Look what thou doſt, run not t
Charles replies, " A ſtrait we're on
" But [illegible] your wills, it ſha'n't
Then thank thee kindly for thy gra
And off he came as mild's a ſaint.

CHAP. III

The March into England. Take
Reſt through England and re

THEN, taking leave of Edinbru
Up to Dalkeith all march'd a
Firſt of November camped there,
And then for England did prepare.
Short time they in that camp did ſ
Till ſouth they went the neareſt w
At Kelſo town they paſt the Twee
And weſt the border went with ſpe
By Jedburgh and through Liddiſda
They ſtread themſelves o'er hill an
And ſome by Moffat took their rou
Although it was ſome miles about.
In this order they march'd along,
[illegible] about ſeven thouſand ſtrong,
[illegible] command was Duke of Per
[illegible] Lord George Murray of noble
[illegible] Elcho ſon to the Earl of Wem
[illegible] of the Life-guard it ſeems

irl of Kilmarnock, in this cauſe,
nded thoſe they call'd Huſſars;
itſligo gen'ral of the horſe,
ords Nairn and Ogilvie there was:
almarino and brave Dundee,
aald th' aid de camp was he:
n too, and Sullivan,
h an Iriſh gentleman:
aire of Broughton his ſecret keeper,
ot the name of *boſom viper;*
the worthy brave Lochiel,
Chiefs I have not room to tell.
ie Engliſh border they did unite,
body their troops complete,
anabie in Liddiſdale
nter'd Cumberland in hail.
id aſſault the fort Carliſle,
did hold out but little while.
friends within and round about,
reſiſt they ſeem'd unſtout,
vn and caſtle both they got
England's KEY, an uſeful ſpot.
iſle he did leave a band
vn and fort for to command,
ience to Penrith did proceed,
en for Kendal march'd with ſpeed:
caſter they came indeed,
iews put England in great dread;
id Preſton and Mancheſter
ll advanc'd without fear,
oin'd by none of Engliſh train,
hundred Lancaſter men,
o him was of ſmall effect;
l marching made them to ake,
s'd their dinner many a day,
em, repenting ſigh and ſay
worth the Scots; for they can feed
inking water and eating bread:
irony ſoles do never tire
y ground, or dub or mire,

Then at the door he entrance gat,
Yet neither mov'd his hand or hat,
Says—" Charles, man what doſt thou mean?
" Thou ſure art not this country's friend,
" Thou'rt worſe than all that came before thee,
" And will make the country quite abhor thee,
" Thou'rt worſe than George for all his ſtents,
" He ne'er before-hand charg'd his rents;
" But gave ſix weeks to ſcrape it in;
" Thou car'ſt not whether we loſe or win.
" We may die, ere ſix weeks be paſt,
" Look what thou doſt, run not too faſt."
Charles replies, " A ſtrait we're on;
" But 'gainſt your wills, it ſha'n't be done,"
Then thank thee kindly for thy grant,
And off he came as mild's a ſaint.

CHAP. III.

Their March into England. Taking of Carliſle. Rout through England and retreat back.

THEN, taking leave of Edinbro', they
Unto Dalkeith all march'd away,
Firſt of November camped there,
And then for England did prepare.
Short time they in that camp did ſtay,
Till ſouth they went the neareſt way.
At Kelſo town they paſt the Tweed,
And weſt the border went with ſpeed:
By Jedburgh and through Liddiſdale,
They ſpread themſelves o'er hill and vale:
And ſome by Moffat took their rout;
Although it was ſome miles about.
In this order they march'd along,
Only about ſeven thouſand ſtrong,
Chief in command was Duke of Perth,
And Lord George Murray of noble birth;
Lord Elcho for to the Earl of Wemyſs,
Col'nel of the Life-guard it ſeems;



Earl of Kilmarnock, in this cauſe,
landed thoſe they call'd Huſſars;
Pitſligo gen'ral of the horſe,
lords Nairn and Ogilvie there was:
Balmarino and brave Dundee,
onald th' aid de camp was he:
lan too, and Sullivan,
rth an Iriſh gentleman:
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got the name of *boſom viper;*
s the worthy brave Lochiel,
Chiefs I have not room to tell.
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a body their troops complete,
Canabie in Liddiſdale
enter'd Cumberland in hail.
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h did hold out but little while.
g friends within and round about,
to reſiſt they ſeem'd unſtout.
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England's KEY, an uſeful ſpot.
rliſle he did leave a band
own and fort for to command,
thence to Penrith did proceed,
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oud Preſton and Mancheſter
ſtill advanc'd without fear,
join'd by none of Engliſh train,
ve hundred Lancaſter men,
h to him was of ſmall effect;
ard marching made them to ake,
miſs'd their dinner many a day,
them, repenting ſigh and ſay
e worth the Scots; for they can feed
drinking water and eating bread:
ir irony ſoles do never tire
ony ground, or dub or mire,

... they marched up,
At Manchester they made a stop,
Here his faithful Clans perceiv'd and f
That English vows were nought at a'
Some kind enough but no way friendly
Only thro' terror they acted meanly.
Said the Scots Chiefs, " We blinded be
" That's come far from our own count
" As friends, indeed some English own
" But if once defeat, they'd set upon u
" France and England by perjurie,
" Will be our ruin we clearly see:
" They've charm'd us out as working
" Now use us as a band of fools,
" England to Whiggism is inclin'd,
" And with the Georgian house combin
" They cry, *Oppression*, from high to lo
" Yet *Redeeming-time* they do not kno
" 'Gainst Acts and Tax on ev'ry trade:
" They're all bewitch'd, and we're misl
" Here in a trap between two fires,
" And what we'll do counsel requires.

" On Preſton field, you all well ken,
" We found the Engliſh there but men,
" I truſt in field they're no more here,
" Though thrice our number ſhould appear:
" Could we paſs the Duke without a blow,
" And with all ſpeed to London go,
" Our friends there would ſo well aſſiſt,
" That en'mies were of ſmall requeſt.
" That ſtalward Duke ſo fierce and keen
" Were he defeat, 'twould end the ſcene,
" And give aſpects another face,
" Which we can't do in ſuch a caſe;
" For if here defeat, then all is loſt;
" Battle avoid we ſurely muſt,
" I truſt the French to come by ſea;
" But where can their Invaſion be?
" If at ſea indeed they have been check'd
" It damps our hope but does not wreck't.
" Then lets puſh on and do our beſt;
" Kind Providence make out the reſt!"
Then proclaiming his father there,
As done in every town elſewhere,
In form, all market towns he paſt,
To Staffordſhire he came at laſt:
Where the Duke's army lay 'fore him
Well prepar'd for to devour him.
He here to fight had no deſire,
Took eaſt the muirs for Derbyſhire,
Directed his rout by th' town of Leek,
Left Cumberland to claw his cheek;
Kept ſouth by eaſt to Derby town,
In full career for London boun':
But there receiv'd intelligence,
His friends to riſe had now no chance,
The Georgian party was ſo ſtrong,
And mixt in each place them among,
No aſſembling could be together,
Nor word of French ſhips coming hither.
The ſouth coaſt *all* was guarded round,
An Engliſh fleet cruis'd up and down;

And through each county in the ſouth lands
Militia ſwarm'd, like locuſt bands.
These tidings put him in great fear,
But for to flee, he knew not where.
They all in council did agree,
Backward for Scotland then to flee.
This did the vulgar ſore chagreen,
To plunder London that were keen.
When Cumberland perceived this,
He form'd a plan was not amiſs,
To intercept them in Lancaſhire:
But how he miſs'd you may admire.
Wade on the north, was marching to him.
The Duke behind did ſtill purſue him.
One Oglethorpe upon his right,
With a thouſand hunters all in flight:
Yet he, ſtill his way did keep,
Through Derby-town and Aſhburn peak:
Which towns indeed for raſh proceeding,
Were badly paid for what was needing,
When they perceiv'd their flight was back,
Quite contrary was their kind act,
And all the praiſe they got before,
They now were ſavages and more.
December the fourth, they turn'd about,
Out of England they took their rout,
At Derby town they ſtaid two nights,
To get in ſuperſcription writes,
Form'd by an Engliſh party there,
Which made that town and country bare,
And furniſh, at an eaſy price,
A vaſt of things for their ſupplies.
When to Manchester back they came,
Their uſage there was much the ſame:
And for their uſing them that way,
Two thouſand ſterling were made t' pay,
To ſave the plundering of the town;
Paid when the kingdom was his own.
So north they came to Wigan then,
Next day they did proud Preſton gain.

The Duke behind him but a day,
Ride as they will he kept his way,
And could not gain a mile upon 'm
Tho' ſtoutly hors'd, they did outrun 'em.
From Preſton on the thirteenth day,
Early at morn he march'd away.
No ſooner had they quit theſe towns,
Than Oglethorpe with Wade's dragoons
Enter'd juſt at the other end,
To give him chace they did intend;
But being fatigu'd choſe reſt a while
In three days they march'd a hundred mile,
Through ice and hills covered with ſnow,
Acroſs Yorkſhire as they did go,
With full intent to intercept him
And at Proud Preſton thought to kep him,
They had no footmen here 'tis true,
But royal hunters not a few,
Who were ſo keen in battle rage,
On foot they offer'd to engage,
Being zealous youths of gentle fame,
Who, by fighting thought to gain a name.
And as they were to march again,
A falſe alarm gave them much pain,
That French invaded had the ſouth,
Which paſſed for a certain truth:
uch tiding from Duke William came,
ho actually believ'd the ſame,
ud ſtopt his forces for a day,
ill Charles was got out of the way;
d Orders ſent to Oglethorpe
come to him with all his troop:
ſoon as he the Duke had join'd,
e news prov'd ſuch as Jack's had coin'd,
n Oglethorpe he got command,
go in chace of Charlie's band.
if poſſible, get before him,
le he behind would ſoon devour him.
on the fifteenth, I underſtand,
ey reach'd Kendal in Weſtmoreland,

The Hiſtory of the Rebelli

of the BATTLE of CLIFTO

NORTH SIDE.

A Party behind the Village at the Quaker's Houſe.

Bland's Dragoons, Huſſars and Light-horſe, on the High-way between two Hedges.

The Duke's Army three Miles behind.

The other Party in Ambuſh unſeen, who gave them a cloſe Fire through the Hedges.

SOUTH SIDE



Now thinking that the chace was over,
Slacked his march; but did discover,
The Englifh bloody flag behind,
And colours waving in the wind.
To range their rear they were not flow,
But the front, of this did not know,
At the village Clifton, in Weftmoreland,
They prudently pitch'd out a ftand,
At a Quaker's houfe ftood near the way,
Which rous'd his fpirits 'bove Yea and Nay:
Behind the hedges, walls and lones,
Where unperceiv'd they ftood as ftones.
The eighteenth day of dark December,
In Forty-five you'll this remember,
After the fetting of the fun,
Juft as black night was coming on,
The King's dragoons and Kingfton's horfe
Come prancing up, at unawares.
A volley fhot out thro' the hedge,
Full on their flank did them engage,
Which in confufion did them throw,
And through the hedge they could not go.
Brave general Bland commanded here
Who quickly caus'd his troops retire;
For had they more fuch vollies got,
Few had returned from the fpot.
Young Honeywood was wounded fore,
The Duke enrag'd, then highly fwore
That he'd revenged be that night,
Or die before the morning light:
Yet counfell'd was for to defift;
For ambufcades were hard to truft,
So the purfuit he did delay:
Till near about the break of day:
Brave men and horfe lay on the field,
Tho' both the fides did flee and yield:
Yet this check Charles' end did gain,
For he that night wou'd been o'erta'en:
Lord Elcho *and* Murray form'd that plan,
And did the party here command,

... if they need not loſt a man,
They might at evening iſſued out,
And every one been out of doubt:
Through boaſted courage and hot zeal,
For a month ſaid, they would not fail,
Cannon, powder and wealth of balls,
Very ſtrong gates and ſtately walls:
As in diſpair, they did pretend,
At to the laſt they would defend,
Lancaſhire reg'ment chus'd there to 'bid
For to keep the fort were not afraid;
The Engliſh gate of iron and oak,
For fear with cannon it ſhould be broke
They built it up with ſtones within,
And ſwore the de'il ſhould not come in;
Unleſs that he got wings to fly,
And all by oaths would do or die.
This being done Charles and his men
For Scotland marched back again,
By the Langtown upon Eſk's ſide,
The water ſwoln, not by the tide,
But a mighty ...

Whereof they had great fear and dread;
Which put them to this desp'rate deed,
The fords they tried which were too strong,
Horse of more strength and legs more long
They would require at such a place,
And there to stay great danger was.
They chus'd a swamp above a ford,
And in they plung'd with one accord,
The horse went first and swam half thro',
Foot at their tails they forward drew,
Who hung together with arms a-cleek,
Tho' floods went over head and cheek;
And those who were of stature low,
Hard was there lot in wading so,
Their powder, clothes and arms wet,
This was the bath these poor men gat.
Not one shot was preserved dry,
But these that did on horseback ly:
They in the water plung'd, so fast,
That many lost their grips at last,
And tumbling went off with the stream,
Down went their heads up came their wame:
Though people stood on ev'ry shore,
Alas! their lives were now no more.
Both men and women were wash'd away,
Into the firth of Sollaway.
And some at Bowness were cast out,
At Annan foot and there about.
To Gretna and Annan they march'd away,
Thence to Dumfries on the next day,
And charg'd a ransom off that town,
Or else to plunder they were boun':
Two thousand Sterling made them pay,
And carried hostages away
When cash failed them, to the North
To join their friends upon the Forth.



CHAP. IV.

Retaking of Carliſle by Cumberland. His return London. Battle of Inverurie. The Rebels ma from Dumfries by Glaſgow to Stirling.

DECEMBER. on the twenty-two,
The Engliſh round Carliſle they drew,
On ſouth-weſt ſide fix'd on a place
Which oppoſite the caſtle was,
The Duke all round it took a view,
And of the Caſtle had no brow,
It ſeem'd to him like a dung-hill,
Or like a German old brick kiln:
But yet their cannon play'd right ſmart,
Which caus'd them from the hills depart.
To capit'late the terms they crav'd
Were, *T' march with honour away to leav't.*
The Duke reply'd, "That is a due
"Ne'er given to any rebel crew;
"But ne'ertheleſs take it I ſhall,
"Either with honour or not at all."
Then in the dark time of the night,
He caus'd lay down to cloud their ſight,
Loads of ſtraw and ricks of hay,
There digg'd a trench of turf and clay,
But batt'ring cannon he had none,
But ſmall field guns to mount thereon;
Till from Whitehav'n, thirty miles away,
Drove heavy cannon on it to lay.
As ſoon as they began to fire,
They beat the walls as low as mire,
And made a breach both long and wide,
In the caſtle wall on the weſt ſide,
To enter there, began to form,
And take the fort by bloody ſtorm.
No quarters they propos'd to give,
Put all to death not one to live;

this they ſaw without all doubt,
of mercy they hung out;
that could obtained be,
ris'ners at the King's mercy.
thence they were to London ſent,
heads and hearts were from them rent:
executed in that place,
embers daſh'd into their face,
very hearts cut out alive,
utch'ry's horrid to deſcrive.
of the commons baniſh'd were
ntations, I know not where,
Hamilton the governor,
ad from off his body ſhore,
on a pole on the Scots port,
or the future to exhort,
wing the ſpectacles were there,
t rebellion to have a care.
ancaſhire mens' heads alſo,
Engliſh gate fixt as a ſhow,
they did Engliſh rebels call,
f Scots are not rebels all;
ſhow there's part of both,
r their fate, I ſay, "Oh, hogh!"
dful ſight for human eyes,
behold ſuch ſacrifice
Chriſtian people as I think,
at I've ſeen my heart does ſhrink;
I view the place and on it ponder,
loody butch'ry that's been yonder,
in the ſtreets of Carliſle,
angling that was there a while.
h like acts I'll ſay no more,
low the ſubject juſt before.
Duke forthwith to London went,
en'ral Hawley to Scotland ſent,
ound by Berwick took his rout,
full hundred miles about,
y *Newcaſtle* and Dunbar,
be own'd the ſtretch was far,



Before he came to E'nburgh town
Fatigu'd were both foot and dragoon.
While Charles did through England paſs
Lord Loudon lay at Inverneſs,
And with him did two thouſand men,
To keep in awe the Highland Clan:
For ſeveral lairds their Clans did raiſe,
And ſome took part in both the ways;
Others kept them in their own bounds,
For preſervation of their grounds,
And when Duke William gain'd the day,
It was for him, they then did ſay;
But if Charles had chanc'd to prevail,
Some think they'd told another tale.
Yet Loudon to King George was true,
And by his conduct did ſubdue
Many who were as foes inclin'd,
And kept them in a neutral mind.
The Fraz'ers clan he drove away,
Who around Fort Auguſtus lay,
Commanded by lord Lovat's Son,
Who made them from that fort to run.
Lord Lewis Gordon lay from him ſouth
With lord John Drummond, a furious youth,
And brother to the Duke of Perth,
Who wiſh'd Loudon ſent off the earth,
And under their command, it ſeems,
Was the French Regiment de Fitz James,
With Clans rais'd on the northern ſhore,
About three thouſand men or more,
Kept Aberdeen, Perth and Dundee,
And all the low towns by the ſea,
The fierce MacLeod lay weſt from them,
Who on George's ſide had rais'd his men,
Intending to take Aberdeen,
Knowing that Gordon lay therein,
He as far as Inverurie came,
In hopes next day to reach the ſame;
But Gordon of this was aware,
And for to meet him did prepare,

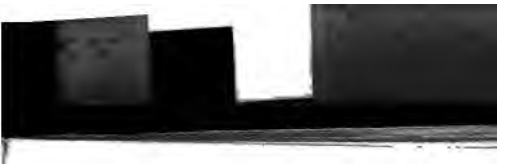
arch'd his men another way,
' he would not on him ſtay.
rom the road he took his rout,
it was ſome miles about,
ollow ways not to be ſeen,
: woods and planting did him ſcreen,
out the ſetting of the ſun,
'd them entering the town,
. he made, judg'd what to do,
ing there they nothing knew,
like his own their number ſeem'd,
for to fight, it beſt he deem'd:
hat favour'd his notion more,
v them billoting, a ſcore
re into each country town,
o miles diſtant all around.
the full half of them were gone,
ought it time to draw them on,
brigade at the town's end,
: MacLeod ought of his kend;
rſt intelligence ſome got
y the rattling of the ſhot.
'd he was in this ſad caſe,
en diſpers'd, and few to face.
es aſſault upon the hill,
lied them near to the mill.
fir'd full briſk on every ſide,
ordon's force was hard to bide,
being to arms bred in France,
how to retreat and to advance.
eod's men, in number few,
raw and undiſciplin'd too,
ear twenty upon the ſpot,
orty fled gall'd by the ſhot.
aird himſelf to end the matter,
y and could not make it better.
en in crouds came running in,
Maſter did you loſe or win?
to *rally in* ſuch a ſtour,
no time, nor might, nor power;

The darkſome night was coming on,
And his beſt men lay dead and gone,
Or wounded, they before him fled:
While Gordon briſk advancing made,
Whoſe loſs that night was not heard tell,
Alledging that none of them fell;
He gain'd the field and town 'tis true:
But yet 'twas judg'd he loſt a few,
Whom they did bury in the night,
To keep their loſſes out of ſight.
This bloody battle, as they ſay,
Was fought the night before *Tuil* day
At the end of Inverurie town,
Led on by Gordon and Drummond,
Againſt MacLeod and all his Clan,
Who did not well concert the plan;
Spreading his men ſo far a *breed*,
Was nothing like a martial deed:
For the one half they overthrew,
Before the other ought on't knew.
It was a trick of war ye ken
For making them more wiſe again;
No ſooner Gordon got the town,
Then cent'ries plac'd were all aroun',
Who kept patrolling through the night,
Leſt MacLeod ſhould renew the fight;
But to the hills he did proceed,
There to bewail his luckleſs deed.
Gordon return'd to Aberdeen
Rejoicing he'd victorious been,
From thence to Stirling got his rout,
To join his Prince when thereabout.
When from Dumfries they came away,
Hamilton they reach'd on the next day;
Knowing no danger then before them,
They levied all things fit to ſtore them,
As horſe, of which they had great need,
Many of them being rode to dead.
Of meat and drink they ſpier'd no price;
But little harm did otherwiſe,

changing shoes when brogues were spent,
victuals sure they could not want,
Glasgow they came the next day,
very poor forlorn way,
shot was rusted in the gun,
ir swords from scabbards would not twin,
ir count'nance fierce as a wild bear,
o'er their eyes hang down their hair,
ir very thighs red tanned quite;
yet as nimble as they'd been white,
ir beards were turned black and brown,
like was ne'er seen in that town,
e of them did bare-footed run,
ded no mire nor stony groun';
when shav'n, dreſt and cloth'd again
y turn to be like other men.
it days they did in Glasgow rest,
il they were all cloth'd and dreſt:
though they on the best o't fed,
town they under tribute laid,
thousand Sterling made it pay,
being of the Georgian way,
en in goods and ready cash,
-lse to stand a plundering lash:
l 'cause they did Militz raise,
y were esteem'd as mortal faes;
being oppos'd to *Jacobites*,
y plainly call'd them *Whiggonites*.
, for peace sake, to get them clear,
w'ry thing they furnish'd were,
inting Press and two workmen
print their Journals as they ran.
rom Glasgow then they took their rout,
hiel he led his Clan about
Cumbernauld another way,
Kir'ntilloch they should repay,
ch had killed two of their Clan,
t a spulzieing unto it came;
they were passing through the town,
y by the rabble were knock'd down,



For which the place was taxed ſore,
And dreaded much 'twould ſuffer more.
Near Stirling then, they all did meet,
Summon'd the town for to ſubmit,
Militia therein were quartered,
And the townſmen alſo, armed,
Who did defend a day or two,
But found their force it would not do:
Though a good wall both ſtout and ſtrong,
Lay on the ſouth where they came on;
Yet 'tween the water and the town,
It lay quite open half way roun'.
The bridge was cut on the ſouth ſide,
The water deep they could not wade;
Their neareſt paſs was at the Frew,
Full four miles weſt and in their view.
Four thouſand lay on the north ſide,
Threat'ning the town whate'er betide,
Glaſgow Militia had left the place,
And to meet Hawley at Ed'nbro' was
Militia they had; but not enew,
Such duty was too hard to do.
Thoſe who did ly on the north hand,
Were not of thoſe were in England;
But with Lord Lewis Gordon came,
Brother to th' Duke of that ſame name,
Which he had raiſed in the north,
Help'd by Lord John, brother to Perth,
Who did command Fitz James's horſe,
That came from France into Montroſe;
Moſt of their riders Iriſh and Scots,
Nat'rally bent to join ſuch plots,
Inclin'd to love the Stewart race,
Whoſe fathers did that ſide embrace,
Theſe foreſaid Lords moſt Active were,
Both men and money to prepare,
And would have raiſ'd ſome thouſands more,
Had but ſix thouſand French come o'er,
Which, time from time, they promiſed;
But the ſeas were too well guarded,



Lord Loudon lay into the north,
Long way beyond the Murray firth,
Twenty ſeven hundred men had he,
Which made the Frazer's Clan to flee.
When Fort Auguſtus they did beſiege,
Yet in open field did not engage.
Likewiſe MacLeods, Grants and Monroes
Againſt the Stewarts in arms roſe:
The Sutherlands and name of Gun,
To arms did againſt them run.
Sir Duncan Forbes, Lord preſident,
Caus'd many riſe by his conſent,
Thus, in the north, I you aſſure,
There was an army of great pow'r,
All upon the Georgian ſide,
Beſide what was beſouth the Clyde,
Who all in arms there did unite,
Unto the cauſe with noble ſp'rit,
Alſo the brave men of Argyle,
Who were preparing all the while;
But could not find ſafe paſſage eaſt,
Until they were from Glaſgow paſt:
And then they went by Ardrie town,
When Hawley was through Lothian come,
Him join'd at Ed'nburgh where they lay
Preparing for the battle day;
Glaſgow and Paiſley troops were there,
To ſerve king George free volunteer.

CHAP. V.

Siege of Stirling Caſtle. Battle of Falkirk.

NOW as Charles around Stirling lay,
To ſurrender they did give way,
All but brave Blackney, who withdrew
Into the caſtle, with thoſe thought true.
Who choſe with him the ſiege to ſtand
To their life's end, with ſword in hand.

To find such stores as could be got,
And all of use he thought to be,
Were welcome to his company:
And those who fearful were to stay,
Freely got leave to go away;
Th' unloyal he charg'd not to 'tend it,
For to the last he would defend it.
Summons he got for to surrender;
But answer made, "He was defender,
"Intrusted by King George command,
"To which he vow'd he'd firmly stand."
Then to assault they did prepare,
Milit'ry engines erected there,
Cannon from th' other side the Forth,
Which had been landed in the north.
British cannons lost at Font'noy,
Came home this fort for to destroy.
To raise a trench, in haste they got,
As near the walls as pistol shot,
On the east side, on a hill top,
To breach the wall it was their hope;
And then by storm they did pretend.

From the banks of Carron they had in view,
All paſſes where they could come thro':
E'vn from Forth ſide up to the hills;
But high preſumption their courage fills,
As they were arm'd in ſuch a caſe,
The rebel Scots would not them face:
And as in ſcorn did them deride,
So to advance did ſlow proceed:
And ſpent their time in vain delay
Ev'n the fore part of th' battle day.
While Charlie with much active care,
His res'lute troops did well prepare:
From Torwood head they iſſu'd down
To the ſouth-ſide, on riſing groun'.
Croſs'd Carron at Dunipace mill,
By foot of Bonny took th' hill
And ſtill he kept a ſharp look out,
In hopes that Hawley would take the rout;
As in his camp ſure news he had
From's out-guard poſts who there had fled.
Mean time the Highlanders gain'd the hill,
Wind on their back juſt at their will.
Hawley's camp it was alarmed;
But he himſelf could not be had:
Chief orders then they could get none,
Which cauſed ſome confuſion.
And when that Hawley did appear,
He'd not believe they were ſo near.
Huſk form'd his men and took the hill,
The horſemen alſo march'd there-till,
Glaſgow and Paiſley volunteers,
Eager to fight, it ſo appears,
With the dragoons advanc'd in form.
Who 'mong the firſt did feel the ſtorm.
The Highlanders, ſeeing their zeal
Their Highland vengeance pour'd like hail,
On red coats they ſome pity had,
But 'gainſt Millitia were raging mad.
Cob's dragoons they ſouthmoſt ſtood;
But gain a ſtank they never cou'd:

The Second Column who came not up to Action but ſtill in Motion.

The third Column, whe ſtood as Corps of R

The
I

The French Brigades, or Prince's Guards.

WEST SIDE.

ALKIRK MUIR.

)E.

Falkirk Town.

G. Huſk's Column.

Argyle Militia forming below the Hill to cover the retreat.

Scots Royal

3 Regiments marching up the Hill.

Glaſgow and Paiſ Militia.

EAST SIDE.

Gardiner and Monro's Dr.

Cob's Dragoons.

TER.

For Murray led on the front line,
And kept them both from flank and wind:
Some time was spent these points to gain;
But all the struggle prov'd in vain.
Gardiner's and Monro's were next,
On worse ground troopers could not fix;
I don't mean as to th' en'mies fire;
But on their front a boggie mire,
Which in th' attack the horse confounded,
And they on all sides were surrounded;
Next to them the volunteers,
Between the foot and Grenadiers.
Some reg'ments coming up the hill,
And as they came, they formed still.
The Highlanders in columns three,
Came moving on couragiously,
With loud huzzas on every side,
Their bloody banners were display'd,
The front line only three men deep,
The - - in reserve the rest did keep;
Their plaids in heaps were left behind,
Light to run if need they find;
And on they came with a good-will,
At the *dog-trot* adown the hill.
At Cöb's dragoons the first rank fir'd:
But rear and center were desir'd
To keep their fire, and then to pour't
Into their face, while front in scour'd
With sword in hand, (as they intended)
This was design'd them to defend it.
So near their front at flight they came,
They turned back both horse and man,
They kept up fire then crack by crack,
They surely found it on their back;
For men and horse to field they brang,
And many in their saddles swang.
The brave Monro, with his troops too
Disdain'd to flee; but went quite thro'
Their front line, centre, and the rear;
But fell himself, as he came near,

Two balls out through his body ran,
Alas! he never raiſe again.
He was a ſoldier, bold and true,
Rather too fierce as ſome avow,
His whole troop now was in the mire,
Inclos'd about with ſword and fire,
Hacking, flaſhing, behind, before 'em,
All enrag'd for to devour them;
Th' horſes legs to their bellies was,
Few with life from 'mong them paſs.
By this the horſe were fairly beat,
And thoſe were left made full retreat;
But oh! ſuch wind and rain aroſe,
As if all conſpir'd for Hawley's foes,
The ſouthſide being fairly won,
They fac'd north, as all had been done
Where next ſtood, to bide the bruſh
The Volunteers, who zealous
Kept firing cloſe, till near ſurrounded,
And by the flying horſe confounded,
They ſuffer'd ſore into this place,
No Highlander pity'd their caſe——
Ye curs'd Militia, they did ſwear,
What a devil did bring you here?
Ligonier's, Huſk's, and Cholmondelly,
Gave from them many a dreadful volley,
Two running fires, from end to end,
Which broad ſwords could no way defend:
But ſeeing ſo many run and fall,
They thought they were in danger all,
And for their ſafety did prepare,
In haſte they form'd a hollow ſquare;
The horſemen being all fled or ſlain,
The very LOYAL fled like men,
Some reg'ments marched up the hill,
To turn again, had right good will,
Brave col'nel JACK, being then a boy,
His warlike genius did employ,
He *form'd his men* at the hill foot,
Which was approv'd as noble wit:

But if Huſk had not check'd their fury,
Some thouſands more had been to bury,
He beat them fair quite out of ſight,
But O! the rain and blowy night,
Horſe or cannon, there, he had none,
He could not keep the field alone,
Some cannon which on th' field there was,
Being ſpik'd up with iron ſlaws,
And render'd uſeleſs for that time,
The hole being ſtopt whereat they prime,
Barrel's grenadiers to ſome yok'd too
And eaſtward to Falkirk them drew;
Yet all their toil no effect had,
Their drivers and the horſe were fled,
The cannon, for ſome time, were loſt,
The chance of war ſo *rul'd the roaſt.*
Huſk in form made ſafe retreat,
Where all were flying the other gate
Out from the camp, the Lithgow way.
He form'd the Buffs behind to ſtay,
In truſt, to cover the retreat,
Which was nought but a pannic fright;
For had they kept their camp I'm ſure,
The Clans would ſoon have left the Muir,
For there was but few who kept th' field.
Many diſpers'd to ſeek for bield,
No ſooner the battle was begun,
Than on both ſides the cow'rdly run;
And thro' the country word was ſpread,
How George had won, and Charles fled:
Ev'n Charles himſelf could hardly tell,
That very night how it befel;
But the abandoning their camp,
Confirmed all and made them ramp.
It is well known by all about,
The battle was not half fought out:—
But to run, O ſhame! and leave your tents,
Like broken tenants with unpaid rents;
The dread of Highlandmen to conſider!
And not two hundred of them together;



But all diſpers'd the country thro',
Afraid of them, and they of you!
For had they known th' Engliſh retreating,
'Hind TAMTALLAN, had been a beating.
This was the ſtep which Hawley took,
Which ruin'd all, elſe I miſtook.
The Duke of Perth laught in his ſleeve,
And Charles himſelf could ſcarce believe,
That Hawley was turned ſuch a coward,
As flee when none was to purſue.
When thoſe about heard of the flight,
They came and took the town that night,
Both town and camp left to their will,
As Hawley march'd on eaſtward ſtill,
To Lithgow and Borrowſtounneſs,
And ſome to Edinburgh did paſs,
There gave it out, "That all was loſt,
"Few left alive of Hawley's hoſt,
"Charles was driving all before him,
"The very *wind* and *rain* fought for him."
On Janu'ry ſixteenth, afternoon,
This battle was fought, but never won:
But on the morn both great and ſmall,
Unto Falkirk aſſembled all,
To view the field and bury the ſlain;
But which was which, was ill to ken:
For by their clothes no man could tell,
They ſtripped were as natt's they fell.
The plundering wives, and ſavage boy
Did many wounded men deſtroy:
With durks and ſkians they fell a ſticking,
For which they well deſerv'd a kicking;
Some of the brutiſh commons too,
I ſaw them run the wounded thro'!
The brave Monro his corpſe was there,
Among the ſlain and ſtripped bare;
In Falkirk yard, you'll read his name,
Inter'd hard *by Sir John* the Grahame.
All who Militia were ſuſpected,
To catch that day was not neglected,

And hundreds more, I you aſſure,
Who came to ſee the Falkirk-Muir,
Ev'n for ſuch curioſity,
Were brought into ſuch miſery,
Being driven north to Inverneſs,
Their cold and hunger I can't expreſs:
Thoſe who felt it, beſt can tell;
I leave them to expreſs't themſel.
An accident happ'ned next day,
T' one Glengary on the Street-way,
A man in plunder got a gun,
Two balls from which he had new drawn,
Judging in it there was no more,
Yet ſhe another had in ſtore.
Out at a window did her lay,
Dreading no harm he did let fly,
Which kill'd Glengary as he paſt,
Dead on the ſtreet it laid him faſt,
They ſeiz'd the fellow and did bang him,
Would give no time to judge or hang him;
But with guns and ſwords upon him drave,
Which made him minch'd-meat for the grave.
For Stirling then they march'd again,
With priſoners and all their train:
To Blackney new ſummons were given
For to ſurrender, or be driven
Unto death, by fire and ſword;
Juſt now to yield—or truſt the word,
That they would make that fort his grave;
And not a ſoul therein would ſave,
But Blackney ſaid, The fort was his,
And each within a-minded was
To ſtand the laſt extremitie:
Take this for anſwer now from me,
" When my King and Maſter gives me word,
" You will have it without ſtroke of ſword."
Then with fury began the ſiege,
Both day and night they did engage;
On the eaſt ſide upon the height,
Open'd a battery in the night,

wooden faggots fill'd with mud:
in a rock the trench it ſtood,
dig it deep it would not do,
aſt they purchas'd packs of woo,
which Perth's Duke gave his own bill,
th may proteſt it when he will,
Perth and Blackney both are gone,
I I trow, it was paid by none.
country 'round they did compel
gots to make and trees to fell.
one built up, th' other beat down,
ir noiſe was heard the country round,
ed *herſel* was loth to do it;
on pain of death *ſhe* was put to it.
ich engineers indeed they had,
o order'd all to work like mad.
e many a poor man loſt his life,
ig unaccuſtom'd to ſuch ſtrife,
ng, *Shentlemen, ye'd beſt let be;*
feth weſe hae a mends of ye;
e had up our muckie dyke,
ll tak your Caſtle wha we like.
ſe engineers, who knew far better,
of their lives did ſtill them flatter,
v'ry point where danger was,
y made the poor unthoughtfu' paſs:
ch only did prolong the time,
murder men they thought no crime:
well they knew it would not do,
h ſuch batt'ries of mud and woo:
ſs they made a cover'd way
in the earth through ſand or clay,
days they wrought with all their pow'r,
men they loſt on't ev'ry hour,
at and day there was no reſt,
Blackney always had the beſt.
fort being high above their trench,
ee their work it was no pinch,
ghill-like on a rock 'twas laid;
m of a potatoe-bed.

One call'd Fife on Blackney's ſide,
At ev'ry ſhot he laid their pride,
Experienc'd by hand and eye,
A perfect gunner, by land and ſea;
But the worſt thing which did enſue,
Of cannon balls they had but few,
Which caus'd them fire with coals and
Or ought was fit for ſmaſhing bones:
For of the balls he was but ſparing,
Unleſs to give ſome hearty fairing,
An engineer who plagu'd him ſadly,
Whereat he was enraged madly,
By his upbraiding ſpeech and mocks,
As he'd been more than other folks,
Some did believe he had a charm,
As 'gainſt a ſhot he'd wag his arm,
Fife try'd with ball, iron and ſtones,
Then curs'd his *cantraips* ſkin and bone
He was ſome de'il as all did miſs him,
Said he, I'll find a way to bleſs him,
Having drunk ſome beer, bottles were

Then to all thoſe who went to ſee,
Like potatoe field it ſeem'd to be,
Many dead bodies in't were found,
White noſes ſticking thro' the ground.
All being o'er, ſince it began,
Brave Blackpey loſt only one man;
Six were wounded, 'tis very true;
But poor John Fife got not his due
Recompence, equal to his merit;
For which the poor lad broke his ſpirit,
And went again back to the ſea,
Got a wat'ry tomb, as they tell me.
He was but a Scot, and meanly born,
Had no good ſpeakers, Scots then at ſcorn,
Now, to ev'ry body, 'tis a wonder,
How that ſo many liv'd on plunder:
For between Falkirk and Kippen ay
It is but ſixteen miles of way,
Which ſpace maintain'd ten thouſand more
Than 'th uſual number within each door,
For full four weeks, or near thereby,
The time they at the ſiege did ly,
The happy Janet took the Forth,
And curb'd all veſſels from the north,
About the Queen's-ferry ſhe lay,
Came with the tides, and gave them play
Up by Airth and Higgins nook,
Where was a batt'ry prov'd a mock,
They thought to keep Forth to themſel;
But what it coſt there's few can tell:
For all th' ſhipping they had at ſea,
Did not exceed in number three,
Which kept about Perth and Montroſe,
And privily to France did croſs.
So all round Stirling where they lay,
Oft did they wiſh they were away.
Commands they ſent all round about,
And ſcarched all proviſions out.
Some of them *paid like* honeſt men,
Others did not, I tell you plain:

But this I have ſo far to ſay,
They duly got their weekly pay;
But yet when plunder came in uſe,
They ſpared neither duck nor gouſe,
Butter, cheeſe, beef, or mutton,
All was theirs that could be gotten,
Pocks of meal, hens and cockies,
They made that country bare of chuckies,
Made many a Carlin whinge and grin,
By crowdie of her meal and kirn:
All this they did before their eyes,
Guidwife cum ſup here an ye pleaſe.
I own indeed it was a failing;
But yet I cannot call it ſtealing:
Becauſe ſome folk refus'd to ſell.
How long now cou'd ye faſt yourſel?
For the hungry came, chas'd out the fu',
Where meat was found, this was their due.

CHAP. VI.

The Duke's return. His Speech to the Army. Ma to Stirling. Explosion of St. Ninian's Church

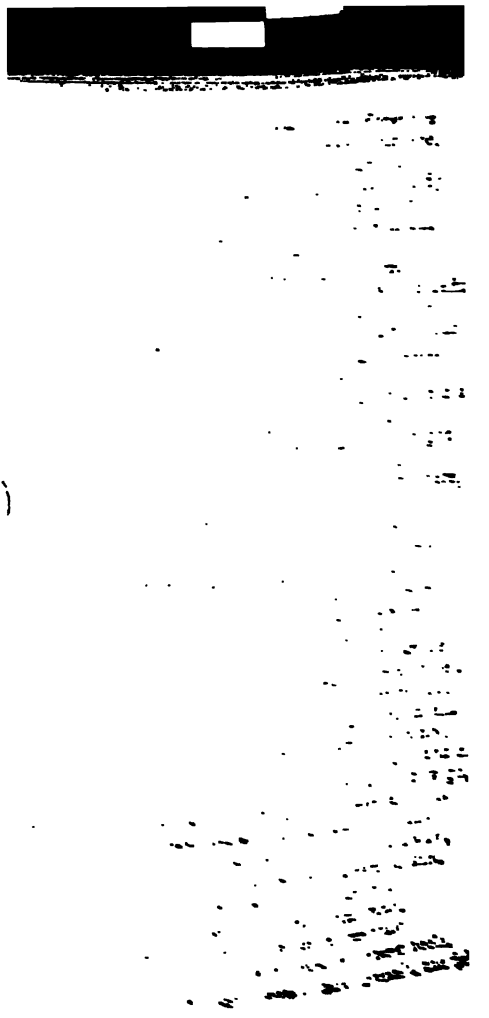
NOW when the news to London went,
Gueſs ye if George was well content,
At Hawley's being ſo defeat,
And making ſuch a foul retreat.
On Friday's night the deed was done,
This was on Sunday afternoon,
The counc'ls call'd, and in all haſte,
The Duke again they did requeſt
To go, and take the whole command,
For to ſeduce the Highland band,
That ſo diſturbed BRITAIN's peace,
Which was accepted by his Grace.
All things prepar'd for poſting ways,
He on the road was near ſix days.
To Edinburgh town he came at laſt,
Which gave their ſpirits a quickning bl



The troops review'd and brought together,
All for the field he did conſider,
The Glaſgow and the Paiſley Core
He order'd home knowing of more,
Six thouſand Heſſians, beſide Dragoons
Were entering in the Scottiſh boun's,
On preſſing march towards the north,
Expecting battle, ſouth-ſide of Forth.

The DUKE's *Speech to his Army at Edinburgh, January* 30*th*, 1746.

" Now Gentlemen, hear this of me,
" You're the ſoldi'rs of a people free,
" Not like the poor ſtarv'd ſlaves in France,
" Bound to a Popiſh Ordinance.
" I know there's many of you here
" Who've ſhown your merit, that I can ſwear,
" Others, perhaps, ne'er had occaſion
" To ſhow your valour in foreign nation,
" Yet think yourſelves as good as they,
" I doubt not but part of you may;
" Tho' native ſoil you've yet poſſeſt,
" In foreign land no foes have fac'd,
" You deſcend from men, as well as they,
" Who never turn'd their backs to fly:
" I hope you're now reſolv'd to fight,
" All for your King and country's Right,
" 'Gainſt their rebellious reſolution,
" Who're for turning order to confuſion,
" A ſet of plunderers and thieves,
" Which in ev'ry age diſturbs and grieves:
" Ay, learn'd from their fathers they are,
" In troublous times to raiſe up war:
" Boaſting themſelves, in bauling words,
" To do great actions with broad ſwords.
" I think they'll prove to be ſmall ſtops,
" In front of well diſciplin'd troops.
" *Stand and behold* them in the face,
" *And uſe your* points in ſuch a caſe.



The neareſt way unto the Frew,
For otherwiſe it would not do,
Stirling Militia the bridge had cut,
And on the water there was no boat,
But what was broken or haul'd away,
To keep the Forth when north they lay.
Their cannon and baggage all forſaken,
Lay round Stirling and ſoon was taken.
Their Magazine of powder and ball,
Falkirk plunder, tents and all,
Were ſtor'd up in St. Ninian's church,
An engineer enter'd the porch,
On purpoſe for to lay a train;
But too much haſte did him atten',
He broke one barrel, as they ſay,
Began the powder for to ſtray
All along upon the floor,
Without the threſhold of the door,
Some people in the kirk there was,
The love of plunder was the cauſe,
The engineer backward did run,
And at the powder fir'd his gun,
Himſelf he thought quite ſecure too;
But to the air with it he flew.
Other eight perſons there was ſlain,
And one blown up out fell again,
A ſenſeleſs that he was thought dead,
He lay on a midden-head,
At firſt fell on a thatched houſe,
Sat on a midden with a ſouſe;
His clothes and hair were really ſing'd,
On a midden curs'd and whing'd,
Stupid drove knew not the cauſe,
Down'd his mercy in ſuch fa's.
Others were in pieces torn,
From the church a long way born;
Safe before the pulpit lay,
All above was blown away:
Fear did him ſo ſtupid drive,
He not whether dead or alive;

In flames and ſmoke he was benighted,
And own'd that he was fairly frighted.
Charles and his court from a hill top,
Stood and beheld the cataſtrop:
Then to the north they march'd away
Unto St. Johnſton upon Tay.
This great exploſion, I heard ſay,
Was heard full forty miles away.
Duke William at Lithgow heard the crack,
And cry'd, "Now Blackney's gone to wreck,"
Not knowing what the meaning was,
Till in Falkirk he heard the cauſe,
How all of them had croſs'd the Forth
Quite o'er the hills into the North,
The Campbells and ſome troops of horſe,
That night arriv'd at Stirling croſs,
Who came haraſſing the retreat,
And pick'd ſome ſtragglers by the gate:
Blackney alſo ſallied out,
And catch'd ſome ſtrollers thereabout,
Many of them were ſo miſchiev'd,
It ſhocked nature to perceiv't,
Legs and arms ſhot clean awa',
And ſome wanting the nether-jaw;
Some were out of the trenches drawn,
Being bury'd alive amidſt the ſan'.
The Campbells kept upon the chace,
And pick't them up in many a place.
Some cannon were found near the Frew,
Their horſe, being weak, could not go thro',
Much baggage left and ſeveral things,
With a printing-preſs called the King's,
Which back to Stirling was return'd,
While Charles, by Crief, to Perth adjourn'd.

CHAP. VII.

The Duke's arrival at Stirling. The Rebels' Retreat, and the Rout both Armies took to the North.

SOON after William to Stirling came,
With all his troops, a warlike ban';
Reg'ments of foot, there were fourteen,
Sixteen field pieces of brass, full clean:
Kingston's, Cobham's, and Ker's dragoons,
The trusty Campbells, all chosen ones,
With Hawley, Huik, and John Mordaunt,
Brave Ligonier they could not want,
With Cholmondelly, bred soldiers all,
For battle ready at any call.
One day his march was here suspended,
The broken bridge for to get mended,
O'er which the foot were safely past,
And all the carriages at last,
The horsemen forded Forth at Drip,
Then to Dumblain they marched up.
While the army into Stirling lay,
They catched one they call'd a spy,
Whom Hawley, by some uncouth laws,
Condemn'd for carrying Charles' pass,
Likewise another from the Duke,
Which made him like a traitor look,
Hawley seiz'd them and with an oath
Swore he should be depriv'd of both;
Go, said he, and get a rope,
And take the dog and hing him up,
Which was no sooner said than done,
As soon's the hangman cou'd be foun',
Without confession, or clergy's stamp,
Was like a dog hung to a lamp.
Next day the Duke went to Dumblain,
Campbells and th' horse had Crief reta'en.
Here the Highlanders did divide,
Some took the hills, some water-side:

The Highland road by bridge of Tay,
Or by Dundee, the ſea-ſide way,
The horſe and French brigades did chuſe;
And did the Highland roads refuſe,
So kept their rout north by Montroſe,
While the others climb'd o'er hills and moſs;
Short time they took in Perth to tarry,
All the ſtores they could not carry,
They threw into the river Tay,
With cannon they could not take 'way,
Thirteen of iron they ſpiked up,
And ſwivels of the Hazard ſloop,
Which was taken off John's haven,
By help of that town's fiſher-men.
Argyle Militia and the horſe
To Perth ſtraight came; but did not croſs
The river Tay for to purſue,
Till the whole army came in view.
Some would have a party take the hill,
But to this the Duke deny'd his will,
And kept his march down by Dundee,
Thro' towns that lay hard by the ſea,
Toward the town called Montroſe,
And great reſentment there he ſhows;
All the ſuſpect' did apprehend,
And ſouth to Stirling did them ſend,
Where they're detain'd cloſe priſoner,
'Till 'bout the ending of the ſtir;
Many of them were innocent,
As afterwards was truly *kent*,
If 'twas not for their thought and wiſh,
For few durſt ſay whoſe man he was,
Who lived into ſuch a clime,
And in ſuch a critical time.
Thence he unto John's haven ſent,
As being upon vengeance bent,
For taking of the Hazard ſloop,
And burnt their boats both *ſtoop* and *roop*,
Two off'cers here he alſo broke,
For their goodwill to Charlie's folk.

me's faſh was in pieces cut,
quite out of the army put,
word was broke above his head;
ſe he unto Charlie fled.
ther, becauſe he ſtópt the plunder
' houſe of Gaſk, being ſent under
command, to do ſuch duty;
ept his party from the booty,
which he got's commiſſion torn,
elf depos'd with ſhame and ſcorn.
m thence they march'd to Aberdeen,
e a ſtorm of ſnow and froſt full keen,
h on the mountains ſome time lay,
d them into that town to ſtay.
's band in Perth then quarter'd was,
at Dunkeld keeped the paſs,
emains of Gardner's broke dragoons
Blair in Athole, and ſuch towns:
horſemen twice had ſuffer'd ſore,
by ſurpriſe, they ſuffer'd more;
ey next to the Highlands lay,
ſkelped at them night and day,
ſtation'd in this utmoſt paſs,
bore the *brunt* of all diſtreſs;
he Heſſians kept about Dunkeld,
did into more ſafety dwell.
Heſſians were a warlike band,
ouſand did their Prince command,
Crawford in their company,
nide them thro' the Scots country,
r countenance was awful fierce,
ſpoke High Dutch or German-Earſe,
white buff-belts, and all blue clothes,
a long beard beneath their noſe,
thoſe who were in wedlock ſtate,
all long whiſkers like a cat:
ſpatterdaſhes with pick were gilt
long ſwords with a brazen hilt,
on the outſide of the hand,
in their guns an iron wand,

I 2

The fineſt muſic e'er you did hear,
Would make one dance who could not ſtir,
Their whiſtles and drums in Chorus join
To cheer one's heart, they play'd ſo fine:
Their grenadiers had caps of braſs,
Thus order'd were the men of Heſſe,
Who camp'd for ſome time near Dunkeld,
And kept that paſs, till they heard tell
How at Culloden all were broke,
And they had never fought a ſtroke,
Except one cannonading bout;
The Clans afar came on a ſcout
To view their camp from a hill top,
Who ſoon retir'd when they drew up:
Whene'er their cannon began to play,
They ſkipt like rams and ran away,
Deſcrib'd the Heſſians ev'n as they can,
Said, "He was a blue and bloody man,
"His drums and guns pe ready, *got*,
"Herſell pe rin, or elſe pe ſhot."

CHAP. VIII.

Blowing up the Caſtle of Cargarf by the Earl of Ancram. Skirmiſhes at Keith and Inverneſs, &c.

NOW while the Duke lay at Aberdeen,
From England did his troops maintain,
Brought in his ſtores ay by the ſea,
And laid no ſtreſs on that country.
From thence the Earl of Ancram went,
One hundred horſe were with him ſent,
Major Morris with three hundred foot,
Near to the head of Don they got,
To take the Caſtle of Cargarf,
But ere they came all were run aff,
Wherein was a large magazine
Of ammunition, and arms clean.

id become the Earl's prey;
d not get it born away,
he cou'd get to employ,
the ſpoil he did deſtroy,
irty barrels of powder there,
on that fort fly in the air,
eturn'd to Aberdeen,
ty miles there were between.
Col'nel Stuart of Charlie's band,
hbogie he did command
ıſand foot beſide Huſſars,
ot that country round as theirs:
him were ſent on command
erals Moredant and Bland;
tra'bogie as they drew near,
d unto Keith retire.
otain Holden with volunteers
in chaſe, as it appears,
Campbells by Bland were ſent,
:ty Kingſton's horſe too went,
the village of Keith while light,
ɔtra'bogie return that night:
r preſumption ran ſo high,
ntur'd there that night to lye,
:uart return'd with ſecret pains,
the town at both the ends,
upon them unawares,
were left of men and horſe:
ſs was this, you may conſider,
they were not got together.
npbell's fold their lives like men,
the horſemen left were ten.
the Highlandmen revive,
:'d their ſp'rits for more miſchief,
the Duke's men gave a caution,
:o quarter on like occaſion.
y in three diviſions lay,
at Strathbogie, they ſay,
it *Old Meldrum*, half way between
die town and Aberdeen,

The laſt at Aberdeen ſtill lay,
Until April on the eight day.
While Charles muſt the mountains keep,
Among the goats, cows and ſheep,
His army ſure was ſorely ſpent,
Ere into Inverneſs he went,
Having nought but deſerts by the way,
Want of meat and ſcant of pay.
Ruthven of Badenoch they took,
And laid it flat on every *nuik*.
To Inverneſs when they drew near,
Lord Loudon did from it retire,
Having but ſixteen hundred men
All newly rais'd, could not preten'
To face them fairly in open field:
Therefore, retreat was ſafeſt bield.
Two companies he left behind,
The fort to Major Grant reſign'd,
To defend it to extremitie,
Strict orders, thus to do or die,
But no ſooner did Charles' troops appear,
Than ſoldiers hearts did quake for fear,
And being threaten'd with a ſiege
They durſt not ſtand their ſpiteful rage.
So town and caſtle became his own,
The fort was levell'd with the groun'.
Lord Loudon fled but little way,
The firth of Murray between them lay,
Perth and Cromartie play'd a *brogue*,
Affiſted by a hazie fog,
Unexpectedly ſallying over,
Upon them fell and would not hover,
Till many they in pieces cut,
Some officers they priſ'ners got;
As before them they could not ſtand,
Being forc'd to flee from Sutherland.
Another party at caſtle of Blair,
Had beat the Duke's detachment there;
This gave the King's army ſome pain,
And rais'd their Highland blood again.

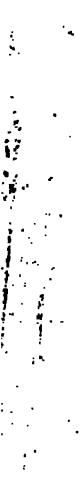


Auguſtus too they did attack,
in ſhort time beat it to wreck:
e company's of Guiſe's therein
aſt Highland fury not worth a pin:
or Wentworth did here command,
had not force them to withſtand,
e ſtood but Fort William now,
it in haſte they 'fieged too.
rge detachment choſen was;
rtillery the beſt he has,
manded by brave Stapleton,
rench brig'dier of great renown.
n the third of March at Glenavis,
ich oppoſite Fort William is,
firſt attack began at ſea,
wixt the Baltimore and he,
oop then lying at Fort William,
the ſtraits of Carrion,
leton ſeizing of their boat,
ught t' maſter with num'rous ſhot:
Serpent ſloop, Captain Aſkew
s'd man his boat, with other two,
ſoon were maſter of Carrion,
re put to flight was Stapleton.
heir next 'ttempt was Kilmadie barns,
ere many ſhot were thro' the *barns:*
the Baltimore ſhe could not ſtand it,
could their troops at all get landed:
'ſhells and cannons play'd ſo faſt,
eir engineer they kill'd at laſt.
e Baltimore ſhe could not take it,
c'd to ſheer off and ſo forſake it,
ie priſoners of Guiſe's men,
his hurry did liberty gain,
ing the time the parties fir'd,
k to their heels and ſo retir'd,
d got ſafe to the garriſon,
thout the reach of Stapleton.
w for ſome time they ſtopped were,
o' *loſs of their chief* engineer,

And ere another fill'd his place,
The garriſon had their wall in caſe,
Their baſtions raiſed ſeven feet high,
Ere the beſiegers did draw nigh.
It was on March the twenti'th day,
Their battery began to play,
From a hill-top, call'd Sugar-loaf,
Eight hundred yards, or thereby, off:
Their ſhots fell weak and came too ſhort,
Some fell before they reach'd the fort:
Cohorns, bombs and a twelve pounder
In vain at ſuch a diſtance thunder.
Finding their batt'ry was too far,
They erect another half way nigh't;
But being in a hollower place,
It did not alter much the caſe,
Except the cohorns and ſome bombs
Broke ſome roofs, beat down two *lums*;
Three men indeed they did diſable
And kill'd a poor horſe in a ſtable.
Stapleton a French *Tambour* ſent,
Beating a parly on he went,
The captain aſk'd for what he came?
He ſaid, From Gen'ral Stapleton,
To you, Sir Governor, with this letter,
'Tis to ſurrender. You can't do better
Than to your Gen'ral this anſwer give,
"No letters from rebels I'll receive,
"I ſhall do better, and him defy,
"Ev'n to the laſt extremitie."
The drummer return'd to Stapleton,
O then a fierce bombard went on,
For ſeveral hours on either ſide,
At laſt the garriſon laid their pride,
By tearing their chief battery,
Flat with the ground they made it lie,
And many buried were therein,
Beſides the wounded that did run,
The people within the garriſon,
Without the houſes kept none,



; wounded with the ſlate,
ıe hurry of this heat,
behind the ramparts ſtood,
ere free from wounds and blood.
: rage, before they tir'd,
hundred royal were fir'd,
en cannons, 'gainſt the fort,
'ards they did report:
ıo harm was worth a ſig,
ır ſoldier loſt his leg.
ıe morrow, when day appear'd,
ſoin their trenches clear'd,
a day they let them ſlack,
ıatt'ry to erect,
e fort one hundred yard,
no labour there was ſpar'd.
me a party ſallied out
proviſion in no doubt,
d no bullock; ſheep or cow,
ɔners they in brought too
laird of Apine's eſtate,
:y houſe came in their *gate*,
who did reſiſtance ſhew,
e no ſtop to run them thro'.
; came in with meal and bread,
out they had no dread.
ıen the laſt batt'ry was rais'd,
.in they ſoon practis'd;
ɔn too began a freſh,
heir batt'ry down did threſh.
ir powder ſtore took fire,
ı'd the gunners here and there.
ın perceiv'd the caſe,
dvantage in ſhort ſpace,
ın out of each companie,
d out courageouſly,
on them without dread,
ɔn the *plaqe* lay dead,
t of the Campbells ſlain,
orious turn'd again,



...y there to m
But at that time came an e
Forthwith to march for Inv
Thus on the third day of A
From the third of March a
They left their cannon and
But never more came therea
Now another party Prince
At the caſtle of Blair, proſp
Under Lord George Murray's
Who took this doughty deed
For to conquer this caſtle of
The Duke of Athole oft liv'd
Who was upon the Georgian
And had the Stewarts oft aid
The garriſon therein was few,
Commanded by Andrew Agne
An old Scots Worthy, I well n
No better ſoldier was in's day,
He could do more by wiles and
Than thoſe who were five hund
He did defend him in ſuch

irties of the Chevalier,
heir head-quarters draw near,
:h Sir Andrew relief had,
de the ſiege a ſair blockade.
e wheel it turn'd, I trow,
k to Charles bade adieu.
misfortunes come together,
one miſchief another.
i half mad for want of pay.
le to eat, what's worſe, I ſay?
emm'd in on every ſide,
the hills and muirs ſo wide.
Hazard ſloop they did depen',
went to France for money and men;
and fore ſhe oft did go,
ne's chang'd to Prince Charles' Snow:
return unluckilie,
:h the Sheerneſs ſloop at ſea,
ided by Captain O'Brian,
hom ſhe fought but did not gain
, nor yet could get away;
i chas'd into Tongue-bay.
he upon the ſhallows ran,
the ſight loſt many a man.
enrag'd ſtill kept the ſea,
an'd his boats right haſtily:
leagues they gave her chace,
c'd them to land in this place;
country of Lord Rae,
hence they no relief could ha'e.
dſhip's houſe it was near by,
n was there captain Mackay
d's Son, with Henry Monro,
arles Gordon was there alſo,
MacLeod a trusty han',
rſcore of Lord Loudon's men,
d fled there from Inverneſs
'erſh had put them to diſtreſs,
the crew came to the land,
ere they're compell'd to ſtand,

One hundred men and fifty-ſix
As priſoners they here did fix.
Soldiers, Sailors, and Gentlemen,
War-officers from France and Spain,
Who were to join Charles the Prince;
But bold O'Brian did them convince,
That ſuch a thing was not to be:
To Aberdeen the whole ſent he,
With the crew of a French privateer,
Who off the Orkneys cruiſing were.
Beſides the arms found in her hold,
Thirteen thouſand *guineas* of gold,
Brave O'Brian thus carry'd away,
On March the five and twenti'th day.
This was bad luck for Charles too;
For wanting money what could he do?
They had no meal, mutton or beef,
Of cheeſe and butter no relief:
The cry among them night and day,
Was, *Give me money, meat, or pay.*

CHAP. IX.

King's Army paſs the Spey. Battle of Cu Defeat of the Rebels, &c.

UPON the eight day of April,
When air and ſeaſon ſweet did ſmile,
Duke William then began to move,
The time and ſeaſon to improve:
Towards the Spey he did approach,
By wary ſteps and eaſy voy'ge;
His fleet at ſea no ſlower ſteer'd,
Than he upon the land appear'd.
Until they reach'd the banks of Spey:
On the north ſide great Charles lay,
To keep the fords was their intent;
But ſeeing the cannon muſt not reſiſt,

to cover the only paſs,
he ſafe paſſage unto them was:
haſte they ſcowr'd away,
them freely paſs the Spey.
e's men and Lord Kingſton's horſe,
of all the water croſs,
er them the grenadiers
the front if need appears:
Duke had always in his thought,
ɔſſing Spey would be dear bought;
·n he found no oppoſition,
r ſchemes he had ſuſpicion:
ı he did conjecture right,
he plot came not to light:
the night he'd be attacked,
ɔy ill conduct was not acted.
er Spey all ſafely came,
pid river and ſtalward ſtream;
ɟliſh women not us'd with wading,
ɔth to lift up their plaiding,
ı with petticoats and all,
'age'd their feet and made them fall.
er thinking lives to ſave,
ıem too got a wat'ry grave,
ɔd but to mens' middle went,
ere with fording unacquaint.
ıter ſtruck the womens' belly,
them both prove faint and ſilly.
'eman and four women that day,
rown'd in croſſing of the Spey:
her harms cannons did cover,
l they form'd as they came over,
ıgage kept always ready,
ɔipes play, *Fair play, Highland laddie.*
lain town they march'd that night,
Highland core had tane their flight,
ıence to Nairn on the next day,
n the ſifteenth encamped lay;
he Duke's Birth was celebrated,
rles Intended was to be at it;

But when near to the camp they came,
They could not execute their plan:
For Murray and Sulli. could not agree,
On what side the attack should be:
For want of courage in such a plight,
They argu'd till the morning light,
Then the Duke's drums fell a beating,
And they thought fit to be retreating:
So this attempt prov'd nought at all,
But saving of their powder and ball.

Now Charlie and his Noblemen,
In council night and day were then,
And in their schemes could not agree,
Where AHITOPHEL among them be;
Some for this, and some for that,
Long time they in confusion sat;
Some did incline to fight at Spey,
And of all fords to stop the way;
But Tullibardine and Sullivan,
Were quite upon another plan,
To let the Duke free passage have,
And no disturbance there to give;
But lead him to some ugly ground,
Where cannon and horse were useless found
So pitch'd upon Culloden place,
Where dykes and bogs might vex his Grac
In hopes, cannon could not get there,
Which was great pain, I must declare,
The way so rough was, and so ill,
But drawn by men were up the hill.
The Duke his march made very slow,
Being form'd in lines as on they go:
In four columns they march'd away,
On cannon and baggage, made them sta
Did front and rear in a body keep,
Except the Campbells, who ran like sh
With Kingston's horse as spies and van.
From hill to hill they skipt and ran,
Back and fore had many a bout,
And as Jackals to search them out,

. that day near the hour of twelve,
Culloden-houſe ſcund them all.
-The Highland army here were ranged,
t no poſition could be changed,
elve piece of cannon; but highly mounted,
which the gunners were affronted:
ſhould they level e'er ſo low,
t down the hill is loth to go;
l though they ply'd them e'er ſo warm,
uch a poſture could not harm.
ut the Duke's cannon ſo conceal'd,
y thought he'd got none on that field,
he centre line he did them ſerve,
e they at all could not be ſeen.
ight on their front he did advance,
right and left he's made a ſtance:
n Charles' batt'ry the fire began
gunners who no honour wan.
Duke perceiving that his left,
uld be too weak, for ſuch a drift
:he ſtout Clans were coming on them,
: Bland and Hawley to wait 'pon them,
h foot and horſe and Campbells too,
good as e'er could iron drew.
n ſeeing all in order right,
ſignal gave for bloody fight.
front to fall ſome paces back,
then the cannon began to crack.
pe them, grape them, did he cry,
n rank and file he made them ly;
:n bags of balls were fir'd at once,
:re they did ſpread, hard was the chance;
:w'd them down, aye, ſcore by ſcore,
;raſs does fall before the mow'r.
:ches they made as large and broad,
venues in through a wood;
then ſuch terror on them fell,
t what to do they could not tell;
:ther *that they* ſhould fight or flee,
ith the reſt, ſtand there and die.



...ſcan before a
Struck Barrel's reg'ment o
For two companies they m
Wolf's, Bligh's, and Sempl
But ſore for this they were
For Bland and Hawley cam
Campbells and light-horſe w
Between two fires, and bay'
That few got off being ſo pe
The Campbells threw down
To let the horſemen on them
Who with ſword in hand put
And could no longer ſtand th
Yet many in rage, came ruſhi
Till bay'nets thro' their backs
The bright points on the othe
So bravely was their valour tr
If all their front had ſo come
I know not how the day had
Their lives they did not ſell ſ
The Duke himſelf, own'd the
Thoſe on the left ſtood firm
Sam

only twice or thrice preſented,
eing them run it was prevented:
ıe order was, that fire they don't,
ithin few paces of their front.
ien they ſee'd them ſo preſent,
they fled with one conſent,
iſh'd their ſwords and piſtols fir'd,
threw their durks and then retir'd.
luſſars likewiſe took the flight,
ievet did preſume to fight;
ſt their leader on the field,
as pris'ner was forc'd to yield.
oble Earl of Kilmarnock,
: head was from his body ſtruck,
wards, upon Tower hill!
pity 'twas this Lord to kill!
it but for his lenity
iſoners before that day,
vour ſhew'd to many a hunder,
n no caſe would hear of plunder.
w Charles the Prince, yet kept the field,
oth was he to flee or yield:
Kennedy with ſome troops of horſe,
f the field he did him force,
t five miles from Inverneſs,
vater of Nairn they did paſs,
ey had been for Bad'noch bound;
ɔread throughout the country round.
hoſe behind on field who ſtaid,
very where being ſo afraid;
hoſe who ran by Inverneſs,
hotly handled in the chaſe.
Ancrum and general Bland,
fierce purſuit they took in hand.
Kingſton's horſe and Kerr's dragoons,
thro' the bonnets clave their crowns,
k with ſuch vigour and deſperation,
hands were ſwell'd on this occaſion,
in *the hilting* of the ſword,
to pull out, they ſeem'd full gourd.

A PLAN OF THE BA

W E

Campbell's Light-horſe and Dragoons,

broke down this Park Dyke.

Barrel's and Monro's | 4 Can. | S. Fuzileer's and Price's | 4 Can. | Cholmon. & Royals. | 2 Can. | Dragoons and Light Horſe.

Here ſtood the DYKE.

Wolf's. | Bligh's. | Semple's. | Ligonier's. | Flemings. | Old Buffs.

Blackney's. | Batteraw's. | Poultney's.

Three Regiments marching in cover'd way towards the Park.

SOUTH SIDE.

SOUTH SIDE.

The HIGHLAND ARMY.

Duke of Perth.			L. John Drummond.			L. George Murray.	
4 Cannon.			4 Cannon.			4 Cannon.	
Glengary	Clanron.	MacLeods	Farquhar.	M'Intosh	M'Phersons	Camerons	
Keppoch.	M'Leans.	M'Intosh.		Frasers.	Stewarts.	Athole.	
L. J. Drum.	Picquet.		Culloden ✕		Brig. Stapleton's Picquet.		
Huſſar Guards & P. Squadron.			House.		Fitz James' Horſe.		
First Column.			Pretender's 2d. Col.		3d. Column.		

Thoſe of the above, who have only guns, under Lord Kilmarnock's command.

L. L. Gordon and Glenbucket's to be ready to advance when needful.

C. Roy Stewart, and thoſe of the above who have only Guns.

Inverneſs Town. ✕ Total 8350.

The D. of Perth and L. Ogilvy's Reg. not to fire without poſitive Orders, and to keep cloſe up as freſh Corps of Reſerve.

NORTH SIDE.

OF CULLODEN MUIR.

The Battle was fought 16th April 1746.



They would not yield as vanquish'd men
Such diſcipline they did not ken,
To ground their arms or turn their ſwor
Nor knew they ought of Quarter's word
But madly run, was all their chance,
And never turn'd to make defence.
The purſuers had them at their will,
Nought but follow and ſafely kill.
Some hundreds who fell that day,
Were a mean of throwing their lives a
Two thouſand lay upon the field,
And thoſe who took flight for their biel
Through Inverneſs and all about,
Were hew'd down in this bloody rout:
For Kingſton's men were young and rud
Of mercy nought they underſtood,
When anſwer'd by a Highland tongue:
But uſed cruelty all along.
Of priſoners were told and ſeen,
But ſeven hundred and fifteen;
But many more were after this,
Which not into this number is;
Lord Lewis Gordon, Marquis of Giles,
And Stapleton this number fills,
Four Ladies too, here taken was,
And one of them into man's dreſs,
Who as a Captain did appear,
In fighting for her Chevalier.
Five thouſand ſtand of arms were found
Ten brazen cannons, ſmart and ſound,
Twelve ſtand of colours were ta'en I kn
'Twas the Royal Standard's fate alſo
For to be left that fatal hour,
On the field of Culloden Muir,
With the baggage and milit'ry cheſt,
(Its contents did of nought conſiſt.)
Then Brigadier Moredaunt was ſent,
Nine hundred choſen with him went,
For to ſubdue all arm'd who were,
Into the Fraſer's country there,



earch'd ev'ry corner and each quorum,
hinking that Charles was ſtill before 'em.
trathallen fell when on his flight,
ord Balmarino the next night,
ito the hand of Grant he fell,
Vho made him pris'ner, as they tell,
ınd to the Duke ſent him alſo,
Vho ſoon to London made him go.
ınd with him many a hundred more,
'o Engliſh jails and London-tower,
'argoes by ſea were ſent away:
lut to return ne'er ſaw the day.
Now Charlie ſaie to Bad'noch rode,
Vhere council held, and they conclude,
'hat all of them ſhould ſep'rate be,
ınd diff'rent ways for ſafety flee,
'or the miſcarriage of their plan,
'hey blam'd both Murray and Sullivan,
'or ſending ſome brave Clans away,
ı hunting of the *Gowke* that day.
Earl Cromartie and hundreds more,
Vere taken that morning before,
ieing ſent home to his own countrie,
'or raiſing men and more ſupplie.
ord Rae's militia, hearing this,
ipon him came at unawaies:
ıs each miſchief follow'd another,
'hings went to wreck juſt altogether,
'heir parting was at Badenoch,
Vith wat'ry eyes and loud *Och hoch!*
'heir bag-pipes mournfully did *rere*,
ınd *Piperoch Dhonail* was no more,
'his was a day of lamentation,
lade many brave men leave their nation.
'heir eyes were open'd, all was vain,
low grief and ſorrow was their gain.

CHAP. X.

Charles' flight. Arrival in the Iſles. Hardſhidings and narrow eſcape.

THE Prince from Badenoch that night,
Over the mountains took his flight,
With only ſix in's company,
And one who led them on the way,
O'er many a rock, thro' glens they paſt,
And to Invergary came at laſt,
About two hours ere break of day;
But none within that houſe did ſtay,
Only one ſervant, the laird being gone,
Bed or proviſions there was none:
No drink but water to be had,
On the cold floor he made his bed,
All in their clothes thus ſleeping lay,
Till near the middle of the day:
Having had no ſleep five nights before,
And little food you may be ſure,
No bread or cheeſe there could they find,
Or ought to eat of any kind.
No living poultry could they get;
But in the water found a net,
Wherein two ſalmon were preſent,
Which they took as a bleſſing ſent,
And on them heartily did dine,
Having no liquor but Adam's wine.
Then to their journey ſet again,
For Donald Cam'ron's at Glen Bean,
Where they arrived late that night,
Through Lochiel's country, 'twas their fright
Of being known by friends or foes:
He dreſt himſelf into Burke's cloathes,
The reſt being gone but only three,
No more was in his companie.
Then on the morrow, the eighteenth day,
To Clan-Ronald's country took their way.

nd in Mewboll lodged that night,
ing kindly us'd, but ſtill in fright,
elay'd next day ſome hours, to hear
ow all was gone: but yet for fear,
hey quit their horſe, and took the hill,
'er mountains climb'd ſcarce paſſible,
o Ariſaig or Loraſdale;
nd here themſelves they did conceal
t Kinloch Moidart, where they lay,
ot knowing what to do or ſay.
here came Lord Elcho and O'Niel,
ho to their Prince did plainly tell
ow all had gone at Inverneſs,
nce the fatal day of their diſtreſs:
hat all the Clans were ſcattered,
as rally again, they ne'er con'd;
or the Duke had parties every where
o burn and plunder, none did ſpare,
ho with them were the leaſt concern'd,
where to flee muſt be determin'd.
ere Sullivan and many more
heir council gave as bad's before,
heir Prince to flee into ſome Iſle,
nd their to ly *incog.* a while,
nding for one Donald MacLeod,
ho knew the iſles and ſafeſt road.
id while they were a planning this,
n alarm came for to diſmiſs,
party coming was that way,
irect as knowing where they lay,
ren to the woods all of them fled,
ook ſundry ways being ſore afraid,
he Prince himſelf bewilder'd ran,
id with him there was not a man,
ing thus dejected and all alone,
aro' the wild woods he made his moan.
hile thus he melancholy lay,
cLeod came paſt on's road from Sky;
e *Prince cry'd* boldly, *What art thou?*
d *he reply'd, What's that to you?*

My name's MacLeod from Gualtergill,
I'm not afraid it to reveal.
Then ſaid the Prince, 'Tis thee I want,
I am the man who for thee ſent,
The Son of your King, your Prince I am,
And for your pity here I came.
On you, Donald, myſelf I throw,
Do what you will, prove friend or foe.
Then Donald, in tears, ſtood all amaz'd,
With dumb ſurprize he on him gaz'd:
My Prince, my Prince, and here to lurk!
Oh! this would move the heart of Turk,
To ſee the turns of time and fate,
From honour to a wretched ſtate;
I'm old, I'm old, thus did he cry;
Yet t' ſerve my Prince I'd live and die.
Then ſaid the Prince, Since it is ſo,
With theſe two letters, wilt thou go,
To Sir Alexander? though that he
And th' laird of MacLeod's my enemie.
I'll yet their clemency requeſt,
If humanity lies in their breaſt,
In noble hearts pity is found,
They'll land me ſafe on German ground.
No, no, ſaid Donald, that will not do;
For now they're both in ſearch of you:
But my ſervice ſhan't coſt you a groat,
Near this there lies an eight oar'd boat,
Get all you have, ready on ſight,
And we will go on board this night.
To this the Prince did well comply,
They went in ſearch of all was nigh,
To wit, brave O'Neil and Sullivan,
With Allan M'Donald of Kilen-o-ron,
Alex. M'Donald, Edward Burke,
And four ſtout men the boat to work,
Donald MacLeod was pilot too,
No more were in his retinue.
For ſtore they had four pecks of meal,
A pot they bought for making kail:

His was on April twenty-ſixth,
ney put to ſea, full ſore perplext,
the ſame place he came on ſhore,
here firſt he landed the year before,
irk was the night the wind blew high,
ie rain drove on, black was the ſky,
o deck or cover was to be got,
mp or compaſs had they not;
fore the wind they durſt not ſtand;
cauſe they knew not where to land:
all the Iſles were armed men;
it in what place they did not ken.
'ry wave threat'ning their laſt,
nd ſhipt great ſeas which o'er them paſt;
et kept above from ſand and rock,
ill to-morrow 'bout ſeven o'clock,
hey made Ruſhneis-point, on the Long Iſle,
d'd *Benbecula* in Gallic ſtyle,
wo hundred miles in eight hours ſpace,
aſt many a rock and dang'rous place,
here militia boats were out on ſpy,
hich otherwiſe he'd not got by:
ut this vi'lent ſtorm they could not ſtand,
ll fled for ſhelter to the land.
Now on this Iſle they landed were;
ut found no houſe or ſhelter there,
xcept an old ſtye of a byre,
Wherein they kindled up a fire,
hot a cow and did her boil,
nd made fine brochan of her oil.
he place was hollow and remote,
Upon dry land haul'd up their boat;
ut when they view'd the raging ſea,
They prais'd their Maker heartilie,
o think what dangers they'd come by,
Twixt the Iſles of Cowl, Mull and Sky.
The ſtorm it ſtill increaſed high'r,
or fourteen hours it blew like fire.
hey ſpy'd, for dangers, round about,
nd *then to ſleep* their Prince was put.

And then for Stornaway let fall,
But meeting with a deſp'rate gale,
Were drove on *Scalpa-iſle*, or *Glaſs*,
Which to one MacLeod belonging wa
By whom they would been gripped fa
But for a ſhipwreckt crew they paſt,
Old Sullivan the prince's father,
And ev'ry one gave names to other.
They ſaid they were to Orkneys boun
And here great lenity they found
From Donald Campbell, a farmer ther
Who for a paſſage did prepare
A boat of his own for Stornaway,
Which went off on the firſt of May,
With Donald MacLeod, his truſty gui
Who went a veſſel to provide
To get to Orkneys by all means;
For there he thought to meet with fri
Who, well he knew, would uſe their
To land him on the German ſhore.
And in three days a meſſage came,
That a ſhip was ready at his damar

g eighteen hours this ſtage it was,
ough a long Mpir all wet to plaſh:
had they come the neareſt way,
y had been catch'd in Stornaway.
ut a half mile from the town,
t and weary they all ſat down,
ſent their guide for Donald MacLeod,
ring refreſhment if he cou'd,
brought them brandy, cheeſe and bread,
ch cheer'd their hearts in time of need,
took them to Lady Kildoun's,
only friend found in that bounds,
kindly did them all intreat,
well refreſh'd he went to ſleep.
Donald return'd into the town,
found all to confuſion grown,
ve two hundred in arms were,
furich-ba-niſh every where,
ergy-man from the South Uiſt
ent a letter, for truth almoſt,
: the Prince, with above five hunder,
coming for to burn and plunder.
Donald to their Chiefs did go,
curs'd and ſwore it was not ſo:
he Prince has not got a man but three,
I one of his number be.
entlemen, think what you do,
when too late you come to rue;
if Seaforth himſelf were here,
ir of's head you durſt not ſteer;
if you kill him, or catch alive,
k not for ſuch an act to thrive.
iſland lies far out at ſea,
ith it will revenged be,
vourites he hath abroad,
op your fury, cries brave MacLeod,
ureby gentlemen, if you do it,
babes unborn may come to rue it.
en ſaid they. Well, ſince it is ſo,
f this iſland let him go;

For if the rabble come to hear it,
They'll do it through a zealous ſpirit.
The wind is fair and ſo be gone,
We'll ſtill the people and ſend them home,
Keep all right ſnug and let none know
Whether he's in this iſle or no.
The boatmen hearing of ſuch a rout,
And fearing what might be their lot,
Two with the boat fled to the ſea,
And two up to the muirs did hie.
MacLeod and Burke, here left on ſhore,
Went to their Prince with hearts full ſore,
Cry'd Sullivan, We'll take the hill.
No, ſaid the Prince we'll ſtand it ſtill;
Since here is friendſhip in the leaſt,
Take ye no fear, we'll be releas'd,
So in that night return'd again
Their boat from ſea, with the two men;
But the other two who took the hill,
Where they ran I cannot tell.
Next morn they put to ſea again,
Though hard beſet for want of men,
Having only three who underſtood
Either to row, or ſail to crowd.
For ſtore they got two pecks of meal,
Brandy, beef, butter and ale,
So bid adieu to brave Kildoun,
As to the Orkneys they were boun'.
But to the ſouth as they did ſteer,
Two Engliſh ſhips there did appear,
Which made them all in haſte to turn,
And put into the iſle of Euirn,
A deſert place, where none abode,
One mile in length, another broad.
Where fiſhers oft frequent by day;
But ſeeing them all fled away,
Thinking they were the king's preſs-boat,
Their fiſh behind was all forgot,
Both freſh, and drying on the rock,
Of Cod and Ling, the poor men's ſtock;

re they ſtaid a day or two,
he ſhips were out of view,
a the fifh well did they fare,
gh their lodging was but bare,
hut, like a ſwine's ſtye
fiſhers us'd to occupy:
ad no bed but heathry ſeal,
it's roof cover'd with the ſail,
oaſted fiſh and brandy drank,
t they had to pay or thank.
at they did the fiſhers bereave,
s amind money to leave:
onald ſays, No not a *ſnifbing*;
at would cauſe a ſtrong ſuſpicion,
ome good fellows had been here;
ore be not ſo mad my dear,
s the men of wars' men's way,
e all fiſh but not to pay.
; here to ſtay they thought was vain,
e tenth of May ſet ſail again,
ack to Scalpa came once more,
e they were kindly us'd before,
ffer'd money for men and boat,
ch a thing could not be got,
nature with them out to ſea,
raway or Germanie.——
ere they found danger to ſtay,
all haſte they put away;
en in arms in ev'ry place,
ch of him were in full chace.
and boats watching by ſea,
thout freſh ſtore they're forc'd to flee
oming paſt the South of Uiſt,
gliſh ſhip before they wiſt,
anded by one Ferguſon,
ll three leagues came chaſing on:
kept by ſhore, to windward lay,
the Loch call'd Eſca-bay,
an iſland and then by chance
contrary roſe and drove them thence.

Rain and fog did favour shew,
So who they chas'd they did not know.
Well, said Charles, I see my lot
Is neither to be drown'd nor shot,
Nor can they e'er take me alive,
While wind and rain against them strive.
Yet piercing hunger's hard command:
For here no fresh water they fand,
And to big isles they durst not go;
But such as were a mile or two.
So here they were so hard bestead,
Of salt water they *drammack* made,
And of it hastily did eat,
Hunger for sauce, made it good meat,
If e'er I mount a throne, said he,
I'll mind who din'd this day with me.
A bottle of brandy then he took,
And to them all drank better luck,
So then for Benbecula,
They hoisted sail, and steer'd awa':
And landed there among the rocks.
Where Crab-fish and Partan flocks,
To fishing these with speed went all,
And soon did fill a wooden pail.
The hut was two miles from the shore,
Where Charles carried this store,
Lest suspicion should arise,
This he did for mere disguise:
And when near to this hut they drew,
Such a cottage one did ne'er view,
On feet and hands they crawled in,
Sowre was the smoke their eyes to blin':
Then Edward Burke digg'd down the door,
And made the entry somewhat more.
'Twas here Clan-Ron did visit make,
To see what measures they could take,
For sending him to France again,
To see him so it gave him pain,
No shirts he had excepting two,
And these unwash'd like dish-clouts blue;

ting; lurking, here and there,
ey to all like hounds on hare,
igh in times of proſperity,
as extoll'd moſt gallantly.
he no longer here could truſt;
o Cardail into South Uiſt,
aus'd him to remove and go,
did provide for him alſo
d, brandy, wine and clothes,
ſuch neceſs'ries as he choſe.
t this time the faithful MacLeod,
impbell's boat the ſail did croud,
ſteer'd for the main land again;
matters ſtood he long'd to ken,
a brave Lochiel and Murray too,
have their counſel what to do.
ray's anſwer was, My money's gone,
help from me you can get none.
a Donald laid out what caſh he had
liquor and for other trade,
reof his maſter ſtood in need,
ſo return'd again with ſpeed,
g only eighteen days away,
ch to his Prince ſeem'd a long ſtay,
counſel he brought, as I heard tell;
every man do for himſel,
ich made his maſter quite amaz'd,
for a time he on him gaz'd;
ierced Donald's heart to ſee
rince into ſuch miſery,
ſin'd into a ſtinking ſtye,
'bove his head two hides of kye,
ſkonce away the ſooty rain,
all his clothes in dirty ſtain.
this time ſoldi'rs came to Raſki,
iſland, in length miles three,
g 'twixt Barra and South Uiſt;
therefore flee again he muſt.
he Prince, O'Neil and Sullivan,
ard Burke and Donald the man,

Juſt from the foot of Corradail,
In Campbell's boat they did ſet ſail.
And landed in the iſle of Ouia,
From South Uiſt not far awa',
And there they ſtaid a few nights;
But conſtantly were in ſad plights:
For armed boats ſtill paſſing by,
They knew not where to hide or ly.
Charles, O'Neil, and a ſure guide,
Went thence unto Ruſhneſs to hide;
But were not there above nights two,
Till information was all thro',
Where he lodged at Ruthneſs.
Which truſty Donald did diſtreſs:
So he that night, with Sullivan
Set ſail, to ſave him if they can,
And got him once more ſafe on board;
But wind and rain upon him pour'd:
So at Uſhneſs-point they ſhelter took,
And lodg'd under a clifted rock.
This ſtorm it did the whole day blow,
And then at night they came to know,
Of a party diſtant, but miles two:
So to ſea again they're forc'd to go,
And as they ſteer'd to Loch Boiſdale,
One of the ſailors a ſwearing fell,
He ſaw a boat full of Marines,
Which prov'd a rock at ſome diſtance.
Cry'd, Hardy weather, and ſhip about,
Then to Celie ſtella that night they put.
On next day Donald ſpy'd afar,
Two ſail of Engliſh men of war;
Yet here they ſtayed for ſome days,
And could not reſt in any ways.
Hearing captain Scot on ſhore was come
At Kilbride, two miles off from them.
Thus now they all were forc'd to part,
Their Prince went off with heavy heart,
And with him took none but O'Neil,
Whoſe heart he found as true as ſteel.

hirts a piece, for baggage they took,
:p into a wallet or peck,
d the Prince's neck and ſhoulder,
aaſter and man they trudge together,
e we leave them for a while
:ſome caves and mountains wild.
others two days hover'd near,
mk their boat through perfect fear,
iight and day lay in the field;
it but the ſails they had for beild,
:d coats ſwarming all around,
et by chance none of them found,
Donald MacLeod he went away,
'as ta'en at Slate in iſle of Sky,
an M'Donald, the laird of Knock,
iim on board the Furnace took,
gen'ral Campbell and Ferguſon,
examine him thus began———
Vas you with the Pretender, or was you no?
/as I, *quoth* Donald, and that you know.
)o you know what's bidden for his head?
thouſand pound, a bra' ſum indeed!
i, quo' Donald, it's no worth a ſtraw,
n ſound conſcience is better nor't a':
'd got Scotland and England, a' for my pains,
ia ſee him hurt, for your muckle gains.
good civil ſhentleman, his life on me threw,
kill him, or drown him, or gie him to you.
:il care what ye do, he's now far awa';
in ran awa' wi'm, the like you ne'er ſaw;
: win and water, Sir, did ſae combine,
him twa hunder mile in aught hours time,
hought Donald a fool of the honeſt kind,
feſſed ſo freely all to their mind,
s'd the Prince might lurking ſtay
e iſle of St. Kilday,
: iſland which does ſtand,
:-weſt from iſles or land,
operty of the laird MacLeod,
n ſoil, and poor abode,

Juſt from the foot of Corradail,
In Campbell's boat they did ſet ſail.
And landed in the iſle of Ouia,
From South Uiſt not far awa',
And there they ſtaid a few nights;
But conſtantly were in ſad plights:
For armed boats ſtill paſſing by,
They knew not where to hide or ly.
Charles, O'Neil, and a ſure guide,
Went thence unto Ruſhneſs to hide;
But were not there above nights two,
Till information was all thro',
Where he lodged at Ruſhneſs.
Which truſty Donald did diſtreſs:
So he that night, with Sullivan
Set ſail, to ſave him if they can.
And got him once more ſafe on board;
But wind and rain upon him pour'd:
So at Uſhneſs-point they ſhelter took,
And lodg'd under a clifted rock.
This ſtorm it did the whole day blow,
And then at night they came to know,
Of a party diſtant, but miles two:
So to ſea again they're forc'd to go,
And as they ſteer'd to Loch Boiſdale,
One of the ſailors a ſwearing fell,
He ſaw a boat full of Marines,
Which prov'd a rock at ſome diſtance.
Cry'd, Hardy weather, and ſhip about,
Then to Celie ſtella that night they put.
On next day Donald ſpy'd afar,
Two ſail of Engliſh men of war;
Yet here they ſtayed for ſome days,
And could not reſt in any ways.
Hearing captain Scot on ſhore was come
At Kilbride, two miles off from them.
Thus now they all were forc'd to part,
Their Prince went off with heavy heart,
And with him took none but O'Neil,
Whoſe heart he found as true as ſteel.

e, even at that very time,
been made a mighty crime,
rom the pulpits by the prieſts,
ione ſhould pity man or beaſts,
ad along with Charlie been,
hem no victuals, nor cloſe their een
p, or warm within a door,
ommunicate to be therefore,
, the pains of milit'ry law,
d or ſhot one of the twa.
his act I know not what to ſay,
Solomon ſpeaks another way,
great, yea wiſer King than he,
to feed our enemie,
ive him water for to drink:
, I know not what to think.
urke of all at laſt got free,
th' Act of Grace gave libertie,
ome to Edinburgh came again,
ove to Charles got nought but pain,
et if Charles, return to-morrow,
ws he'd go tho' on a barrow.

CHAP. XI.

ure of the King's men againſt the ſuſpected. Action in the Army, and ſeverity againſt the s.

W. the royal Duke at Inverneſs,
id the whole North fully poſſeſs,
p'd, and ſent his parties out
n and plunder round about,
offenders, who for their crime,
everely puniſh'd at this time.
e who were loyal and true,
acknowledgement as their due.

He number'd firſt what he had loſt,
And what his ſignal victo'ry coſt.
Lord Robert Ker was 'mong the ſlain,
A brave Captain of Barrel's men;
Of Price's reg'ment Captain Groſſet
Here did fall, it was his lot.
Captain Campbell of Argyleſhire men,
Was likewiſe found among the ſlain.
Near ſix hundred rank and file, lay there,
Two hundred and forty wounded were.
His ſole reflection was in the chaſe,
The Pretender's rout he could not trace,
Any further than that afternoon,
He drank with Lovat when all was done,
When his very tears mingl'd with wine;
But never could be catch'd ſmiſyne.
As ſome ran eaſt and ſome ran weſt,
To ſouth and north in crouds they paſt;
Some to Argyleſhire, through Kintyre,
And into Ireland flew like fire.
Tullibardine by Loch Lomond came,
Fled from the battle into the flame.
Into the houſe of Drumiekill,
Who ſtood on the croſs way, to kill
Thoſe who did from the battle fly.
Againſt all ſuch does Moſes cry,
As in the ſacred Writ we read,
They're curs'd who're guilty of ſuch deed:
Yet here was Tullibardine gripped,
When from the roaring guns eſcaped,
And priſoner to London led;
Yet dy'd there quietly in his bed.
Duke William ſtill camp'd in the north,
All was in ſtir beyond the Forth,
Ports, paſs, and ferries all were guarded,
Who catch'd a rebel was well rewarded,
Few but preachers, at this day,
Were counted righteous in this way:
For where the miniſter ſaid the word,
To life and liberty they're reſtor'd,



leſign'd their arms, with Meſs John's line
That they were preſt for to combine
To go with Charlie, and his crew,
By force controul'd——'Tis very true,
Moſt of the common men were preſt,
Drove to the ſlaughter like a beaſt:
But one thing of Highlanders I ſee,
To them they ſerve they'll faithful be:
For thoſe who ſerv'd King George, juſt here,
Gainſt rebels, proved moſt ſevere,
And rebels, who afterwards did lift,
Loyaller hearts no man could truſt:
And, ev'n the conquering of this field,
Unto the Engliſh I will not yield;
Had Scots and Iriſh run away,
They'd found it hard to gain the day;
Yet after all they 'gan to boaſt,
'Twas they only who rul'd the roaſt,
And ev'n where in camp they lay
To upbraid the Scots, and oft did ſay,
Mocking the miſ'ries that befel,
'These Scotſmen are but rebels all,
'For which they all ſhould hanged be,"—
Which rous'd the Scots moſt vehmentlie:
And when they did complain thereof,
Were anſwer'd with a mere put off:
This did enrage them ſtill the more,
Vengeance to ſeek by the Clay more,
Which all into confuſion threw:
The Scots into a body drew,
Iriſh, by blood and love allied,
Did join into the Scottiſh ſide;
His Grace, the Duke, perceiving this,
Into this broil moſt active was,
Who, as with no party he would ſtand;
But charg'd them by his high command,
For to be ſtill, and ſilent be,
Till he'd the diſpute rectifie:
Then *agents from* each ſide were choſe,
Whom he in council did encloſe,

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Where they made a ſolemn act,
" That by a thouſand on the back,
" Every man ſhould puniſh'd be,
" Who'd thus upbraid any countrie."
So this again cemented peace,
Through mediation of his Grace,
Which was indeed a virtuous ſcheme,
And adds great honour to his name:
For had they once come on to blows,
'T had been the glory of their foes,
And the murd'ring of one another;
But now they're Britons all together,
And yet the ſpite ended not here
As afterwards you'll come to hear,
But agitated the Parliament,
Tho' contrary it with them went,
To put the Scots beating away,
A march which vex'd them ev'ry day:
Becauſe it was a grief to hear it,
And very irkſome to their ſpirit,
The dinging down of *Tamtallan*,
They ſwore it mean'd ſome other dwallion.
The bonnets, plaids, and ſpotted coats,
A dreſs long time worn by the Scots,
Theſe by an act were laid aſide,
Thro' nought, I think, but ſpite and pride:
For when the Scots they came to need,
They were reſtor'd again with ſpeed,
Ev'n by an order of the crown;
But *Tamtallan* was ne'er beat down,
The Scots ſtill kept by their old march,
In ſpite of all their foes could urge.
But the cauſe of the Duke's long ſtay here,
Was to find out the Chevalier,
As Scotland round by ſea was guarded,
If catch'd on land, ſo high rewarded,
The apprehender was to be,
There was no hopes he could get free.
Heſſe camps, did at Perth and Stirling ſtand,
Armed militia through all the land,

parties ſearching ev'ry iſle:
ig heard of ev'ry other while,
y ſtill kept on a cloſe purſuing,
l was the hunt for Charlie's ruin.
priſoners, they catch'd, of note,
hip-board were ſecurely put,
to England ſent, trial to ſtand,
deſerters judg'd were in Scotland,
) had as ſoldiers with Charlie gone,
/ hang'd and ſhot them every one:
Hawley's verdict was ſo quick,
), hang the dog up by the neck."
ch was no ſooner ſaid than done,
ity he ſhew'd on woman's ſon.
Duke, by half, not ſo ſevere,
often the condemn'd ſet clear,
e his ſoldiers ſay, he was too civil:
ſwore, That Hawley wou'd hang the devil.
Duke did love to burn and plunder,
ſweet revenge upon them thunder,
ouſe and huts made devaſtation,
had been a foreign nation.
r whole utenſils, rock and reel,
:e in flames he loved well,
dogs and cats, the rats and mice,
their old ſhirts, with nits and lice,
all into the flames confign'd,
ring them to a better mind,
never more for to rebel,
leful time for *her main ſell.*
ll that *ſhe* had done or ſaid,
hought it more than double paid;
g kirns, and ſupp g ſheeſe,
odding of the Lothian peaſe,
king a bit of beef to eat,
) *ſhe* could get no other meat;
when *ſhe* met a Lalan-rogue,
ate a ſhainſhount on her brogue,
ſwer has done a ten times muir,
her houſe, ta'en a' her gear,

r that cuts aff her head,
on them that frae her fled.
ll who did from the ſoldiers fly,
r'd upon immediately,
ich, many a poor innocent
ut to death, by them unkent,
flying away caus'd the error,
ed-coats were to them a terror.
ow Charles concealed was in Uiſt,
there to ſtay no longer durſt,
Campbells were coming *a ho, a ho,*
durſt not bide, and could not go:
ery day he ſaw them well,
d had none with him but O'Neil.
ae day was long and hot the ſun,
bout the twenty-firſt of June,
pon a mountain top they lay,
nd ſaw their motions every way,
From glen to glen, thro' caves and rocks,
As ever hound did ſearch for fox,
Campbells, and lads with the red-coat,
With them guides knew every ſpot,
And corner of that country ſide;
So here it dang'rous was to bide.
But in a deſert place remote,
They found a lonely diſmal hut,
And there to ſtay they judged beſt,
Until part of the hurry paſt,
Such veniſon as they could take,
Of ev'ry thing a prey they make:
It was not out of cov'tous greed;
But only as they ſtood in need.
O'Neil alone was out at laſt,
To hear of what was done or paſt,
And met a lady whom he knew,
Miſs MacDonald good and true,
To her their ſtraits he did reveal,
Who did with tears their ſorrows feel,
And vow'd by all was dear within her,
She'd them relieve, if they ſhould ſuf



Then haſten'd O'Neil to him away,
Appointing where to meet next day,
And to the Prince with him did go,
Her ſervant did the ſecret know,
One Neil MacKechnie, an honeſt heart,
Who in ev'ry point did act his part,
There, they their whole plan did frame:
And then to Malton came again,
Miſs Flora and her man next day,
Going to Clan-Ronald's houſe were they,
For to perform the enterprize,
And get clothes fit for his diſguiſe.
By a party of militia men,
Both of them priſoners were ta'en,
Miſs aſk'd who was their officer,
And they in anſwer tald it her:
He prov'd her father-in-law to be,
Preferr'd, for ſuppos'd loyaltie,
No leſs than a king's officer,
She thought ſhe might the better fare,
And there did tarry all that night,
Before of him ſhe got a ſight.
Greatly ſurpriſed then was he,
His ſtep-daughter priſoner to ſee,
Call'd her aſide to know the matter,
And gave her both a paſs and letter,
Her herſelf, her lad, and Betty Burke,
A woman who was to ſpin and work,
Being a maid for her mother hir'd,
All was done as ſhe requir'd.
Then to Clan-Ronald's houſe they came,
Where let the lady know the ſame,
Where ev'ry thing in haſte they got,
Gown, gown, and a petticoat;
A printed cotton the gown it was,
Not fitting for a ſervant laſs:
Unto the hut they went away,
Where let him dreſt without delay,
As they entered into the door,
They found their Prince, ſurpriſ'd him ſore,

A cooking ſomething for to eat,
A ſheep's pluck on a wooden ſpit.
This put them all in briniſh tears,
A Prince brought to ſuch low affairs!
But he replied, Why weep ye ſo?
'Tis good for King's ſorrow to know:
And ev'n the great, won't after rue,
They ſuffer'd part of what I do.
That night they ſtaged all in the hut,
Ere ev'ry thing was ready got,
And on the morrow a meſſage came,
For lady Clan-Ronald, in haſte extreme,
That Cap. Ferguſon, with Campbell's men,
Did all night in her houſe remain,
And to confirm what they had ſaid,
The Captain took up her own bed.
Now Charles by this time was dreſt,
Like a Dutch frow, I do proteſt;
His brogues, indeed, had leather heels,
And beard, well ſhaven, all conceals;
But gown and petticoat ſo ſhort,
Shew'd too much legs, but no help for't.
He of the lady took his leave,
And left O'Neil behind to grieve,
Who thro' the world with him would go;
But Flora ſaid it would not do:
Becauſe their paſs that number bore,
And one too much was not ſecure,
Herſelf, her ſervant, and Betty Burke,
Who was going to her mother's work.
The boat's prepar'd, away they ſet:
But lady Clan-Ronald was in a ſtrait:
For ſoon as ſhe had reached home,
Was ſtrick examin'd by Ferguſon——
Pray where now, Madam, have you been,
Seeing a ſick child, a dying frien';
My ſervant might have told the matter;
But the child now is ſomewhat better.
For this no proof was but her lips,
So he put them both on board of ſhips,



mean Clan-Ronald and his dame,
ho did in ſep'rate ſhips remain,
ntil to London they were ſent,
nd nothing of each other kent,
ong twelve months there they did remain;
efore they ſaw their homes again.
Now poor O'Neil was left alone,
nd through the hills a wand'ring gone,
y chance he met with Sullivan;
s on the ſhore they both did ſtand,
French cutter came in their ſight,
with pendent flying colours bright,
'Neil her hail'd, and to ſhe came,
'o ſeek the Prince was all her aim,
'Neil deſir'd him there to ſtay,
nd he to bring him back would try:
hen off he ſets along the ſhore,
travelling for a day or more,
s the wind had contrary been,
nto ſome creek they might be ſeen;
But finding he was gone for Sky,
He thought to touch there going by,
Knowing the ſecret, the way plann'd,
The very place he was to land.
Night and day he did not ſpare,
Back to the cutter he did repair;
But ere he came ſhe was away,
Sullivan would no longer ſtay:
But's life was preciouſer to him,
Than all the Princes in Chriſtendom.
He ſaw ſome ſhips afar at ſea,
Then pray'd the French with him to flee;
But had they got O'Neil on board,
From Sky the Prince had been ſecur'd;
Yet here O'Neil was left behind,
Who ſoon was taken and confin'd,
And ſent to Berwick upon Tweed,
Where he remain'd ſome time indeed,
Thence *by cartel* was ſent to France,
Paſſd for an officer from thence.



Sullivan was got home before him,
The cow'rdlieſt cur in all the quorum:
For had he ſtaid three hours in Uiſt,
They'd carry'd their Prince ſafe off the coaſt;
For O'Neil would made them touch at Sky,
The very place which they paſt by,
Where he knew the Prince was to 'bide:
But Sullivan ſav'd his own hide,
And with all ſpeed went home to France,
Left them behind to Providence.

As the Prince, Miſs Flora and her man
Were juſt about to quit the land,
Four king's wherries came in their view,
Where armed men were not a few:
Back to the heather they're forc'd to fly,
And there ſome time conceal'd to ly,
Theſe wherries ſoon went out of ſight,
And then came on a pleaſant night,
Their ready boat they put to ſea;
But were not gone paſt leagues three,
'Till dark and diſmal grew the ſkies,
The wind and waves did dreadful riſe,
In open boat, no compaſs had,
Only two men, whoſe ſkill was bad,
Here Charles' courage was at a ſtand,
Tempeſts by ſea and ſtorms by land;
For wind and wave did fight again' him,
And nothing ſeemed to betrien' him,
Miſs Flora the fell faſt aſleep,
The reſt by oars and helm did keep.
And when the day light did appear,
They knew not to what hand to ſteer.
The wind had vary'd in the night:
At laſt of Sky they got a ſight,
At Waterniſh, the weſt of Sky,
Upon that point to land did try;
But the red-coats were ſwarming there,
To ſhip about they did prepare;
They ſmartly ſir'd to bring 'em too,
But all in vain, it would not do.

Two men of war were hov'ring by,
And there it was no time to ſtay:
So, off they ſet before the wind,
And all their foes they left behind.
Th' alarm up to the village went;
Yet to purſue they were not bent,
Knowing all boats were in a fright;
So about they put when out of ſight,
And landed in a little creek,
Under a rock did ſhelter ſeek,
The men to reſt and be refreſh'd,
Who all the night were ſorely daſh'd:
And then to ſea again did go,
Leſt ſome ſhould of their landing know.
They were not half a mile from ſhore,
Till they ſeed purſuers half a ſcore,
All running to the very place,
Which they had left a little ſpace.
Then to the north twelve mile they ſtood,
At Torniſh made their landing good.
Near Alexander MacDonald's houſe,
Where went Miſs Flora bold and crouſe,
As Sir Alex. was not at home;
But to viſit Duke William gone,
Only his factor, who prov'd a friend,
And how to act Miſs to him mean'd:
As a military officer was there,
She told him where he ſhould repair,
And meet the Prince in woman's dreſs,
To whom he went in full expreſs,
With bread and wine, and other food,
Then took the hills, a private road
To his own houſe to be conceal'd,
Though afterwards it was reveal'd.
Miſs Flora on horſeback and another,
Kept the highway, for to diſcover
What militia or foes might be,
From all dangers to keep him free,
Miſs Flora, *her man*, and a Highland maid
Coming on the way, ſhe to Miſs ſaid

At Portree, or the King's port,
Miſs Flora's there ere he came to't.
And here they parted at Portree,
Where thanking her moſt heartilie,
Miſs Flora did no longer wait;
But went to'r mother's houſe at Slate.
Now Kingſborough did to Raaza ſend,
To meet the Prince, and be his friend,
With ſev'ral of his truſtees there,
Who in his expeditions were,
Both at Culloden and Falkirk.
To Portree came when it was dark,
Both John MacKinzie and Donald Frier,
Who had been with him far and near,
They ſet off in a little boat,
And ſafely into Glam all got:
In a mean hut their dwelling made,
For kid and lamb young Raaza gade;
There was no bedding to be found,
They're oblig'd to ly upon the ground:
His pillow was a wiſp of Ling:
Poor ſtate for a Pretended king!
This was in July the firſt day,
And here *incog.* a while they lay,
Now Ferguſon got the ſure tract,
From the two men, as they went back,
Who did him and Miſs Flora bring
Out of Uiſt and every thing,
His coat, his mutch, his very gown,
From whence they came and whether boun',
How Malton's daughter and Kingſborough t
Went altogether out of their view.
Then Berg'ſon with a party came
To Kinſb'ro's houſe, and did deman',
Which way the young Pretender went?
Where he and Miſs Flora were ſent?
Whether they lay in one bed together?
What clothes he came in, or went thither
Few anſwers to him Kingſb'rough made:
What! ſaid his wife, "Miſs Flora's maj

" They ſtaid all night and went away,
" Whether man or woman was I to try?"
Then, ſaid he, Show where they were laid,
Where lay the Miſs? where lay the maid?
Now then, quoth he, I have you faſt;
Becauſe the maid's bed is the beſt.
Then Kingſborough away was led
To Fort-Auguſtus, hard beſtead,
Plunder'd of's watch, buckles and ſhoes,
And all the caſh was in his trews,
In a dungeon deep, iron'd he lay,
Thence to Ed'nburgh caſtle ſent away,
And there confin'd was kept one year,
Till by the act of grace let clear.
For love of Charlie he got this,
And poor Miſs Flora no better was:
For ſhe was ſcarce ten days at home,
Until ſhe got a card to come
And ſpeak into an officer,
Who had no great goodwill to her;
This for a night they did delay,
And on the morrow, by the way,
A party meets, in ſearch of her,
By whom ſhe was made priſoner,
And carry'd inſtantly away,
On board a ſhip that very day,
The Furnace, captain Ferguſon,
Who did ſhew lenity to none,
But good for her, as fortunes were,
That gen'ral Campbell, as judge ſat there:
Though ſhe before made 'quivocation,
She told to him the true relation,
And the general did uſe her well,
Since ſhe the truth did not conceal:
For of the deed ſhe thought no ſhame,
To any in need ſhe'd do the ſame.
Said ſhe, " I've no cauſe to betray,
" Or yet to with his life way,
" *Wherefore then* ſhould I do him wrong?
" *To you ſoldiers does ſuch belong,*

" If that a price be on his head,
" 'Tis for thoſe by blood who have their bread."
The gen'ral then had nought to ſay,
But gave her leave, on the next day,
Of her friends to go and take farewel;
Her mother's heart ſore grief did feel:
An officer and forty men
Did guard her there, and back again.
Then ſhe into the Nore was ſent,
Five months on ſea, where no friend kent,
At laſt to London was convey'd,
There with a meſſenger to bide,
Till the month of July Forty-Seven,
That ſhe was home to Edinburgh driv'n,
When by the Act of Grace reliev'd,
She's now in Sky, yet unmiſchiev'd.
Now Charles at Glam, in Raaza lay,
Long, long he thought to get away,
Hard was his living, poor his hut,
Upon all heights they watches put,
A ſtranger to this iſland came
To ſell tobacco, perhaps a ſham;
For after all his roll was ſold,
He daily through the iſland ſtroll'd.
And to the hut one day drew nigh;
Then Raaza ſwore he was a ſpy,
And cock't his piſtol him to ſhoot,
The Prince cry'd, No, you ſhall not do't,
That poor man may innocent be,
Without a fault he ſhall not die.
The poor man then went ſtepping by,
And did not even look to their ſtye.
Now, ſaid the Prince, what would ye ſaid,
If innocent blood had here been ſhed?
Too much indeed, on my account:
At this ſome ſeem'd to take affront;
Yet as a joke he paſt it by,
And then propos'd to go for Sky,
In the ſmall boat which brought them there,
So for the voy'ge they did prepare.



Toward the ev'ning they put to ſea,
And then the wind roſe wond'rous high,
The boatmen begg'd to put about;
But he was obſt'nate on his rout,
And told them life was but a chance,
They were in hands of Providence:
He lav'd the water with a ſcoop,
And bid them in their Maker hope,
The boat is making a good way,
No man will die but him that's *fey*,
We've in all dangers been ere now:
At Nicolſon's rock they brought her too,
Near Scorebreck in Trotterniſh,
Their lodging in a byre it was,
All wet and weary as they were,
Lay on the ground, ſleep ſeiz'd him there,
In which he ſigh'd, and ſtarting ſaid,
" Poor people, poor people, hard beſtead!"
He then awak'd, and thus did ſay,
" Malcom, dear captain, is it yet day?
" You've watch'd too long, now take a ſleep,
" And I myſelf will centry keep."
" No, ſaid MacLeod, Sir, if you pleaſe,
" I know this ground beſt, take your eaſe,
" There's not a houſe near by two mile,
" Our friends are few into this iſle,
" The red-coats are not far from us,
" To ſlip my charge is dangerous."
So here they did remain next day,
Before they could venture away,
Having no bread, or ought to eat,
(For a King's Court, a poor mean treat!)
Except water ſprung from the ground,
No meat or drink could there be found.
Two bottles of brandy was all their ſtore,
On earth he had no ſubſtance more,
Nor in that place durſt one look out
For en'mies planted round about.
When *night* came on they parted all,
Captain MacLeod we ſhall him call,

Did undertake to be his guide,
One bottle of brandy by his ſide,
Over muir and mountain, wood and glen,
Between hope and deſpair they ran.
The Prince as ſervant did appear;
Becauſe he did the baggage bear,
A hairy wallet on his back,
Juſt like a chapman and his pack,
Wanting the *breiks*, with legs all bare,
Into his hand his brogues did bear,
A napkin ty'd around his head,
In this poſture forewaꝛd they gade,
Long thirty miles ere they took reſt,
Water and brandy was all their feaſt:
Becauſe they had no other cheer,
For houſe or hut they went not near,
Till at Ellighill, the place call'd Ord,
Whereof MacKinnon is the Lord,
Their brandy bottle now was done,
And here they hid it under groun':
Yet were they in a ſtrait again,
Meeting two of MacKinnon's men,
Who had on expedition been,
And oft before the Prince had ſeen,
Who knew him well, though in diſguiſe,
Fell down and burſted out in cries,
Then Malcom, Huſh, to them did call,
Or elſe they would diſcover all,
To which they ſwore, by all that's good,
They'd rather ſpend their deareſt blood,
So faithfully they did conceal it,
And did not in the leaſt reveal it.
Now were they come unto the place,
Where Malcom's ſiſter married was
To John MacKinnon who'd captain been
Along with Charles in armour keen;
But had got clear by Proclamation,
And for to ſculk had no occaſion.
He orders the Prince, now Lewis Caſke,
For to ly down ſome ſpace awa',

he into his ſiſter's went,
doleful caſe to repreſent.
n embrac'd, and wept amain,
he war ſhe thought him ſlain:
d, dear ſiſter, here I'm come
to hide, if you have room,
me, my ſervant Lewis Cawe,
ſame caſe, hard is our fa':
ſurgeon's ſon, who came from Chief
r to ſeek and ſome relief.
poor ſick Lewis was called in,
ead bound up, he look'd right grim,
y his maſter there he did ſtand,
ead uncover'd, bonnet in hand:
e captain urg'd him to ſit down,
at his bonnet on his crown,
here are no ſtrangers here,
eat with me, Lewis my dear,
hen their dinner over was,
aptain ſays, Our feet we'll waſh;
rvant-maid brought water then,
aſh'd his feet with tender hand.
e, my lad's not well, I know,
waſh his feet before you go;
e reply'd, I ken ſome better,
ir enough if I bring water,
ut your lad, as you me tell,
on may waſh her feet herſel;
forc'd to do't, thro' mere conſtraint,
rk in a rude way ſhe went,
d his toes, made the water riſe
ry plaſh betwixt his thighs;
is he to the Captain ſaid,
bs too hard this fancy maid,
far better do't myſel,
ut, quo' ſhe, *an' ſae ye ſall*,
both of them to ſleep were put,
oodwife went to a hill top
keep watch, leſt from the ſea
bas ſhould come ſuddenlie.

As King's ſhips hover'd all about,
And parties through the land did ſcout.
Juſt as they wak'd the huſband came,
When Malcom heard, he to him ran,
And did ſalute him in the field,
Which meeting did great pleaſure yield;
Becauſe that word was to t'- n brought,
He kill'd was at Culloden fight.
And after they had talk'd a while,
Think you yon ſhips will touch this iſle?
Says John, I know not but they might;
Becauſe they're never out of ſight.
What if our Prince a pris'ner be,
In one of thoſe ſhips which we ſee?
God forbid, then John reply'd;
But of his 'ſcape I'm much afraid:
For our nation's guarded round about,
And through the land there's many a ſcout,
But do you think, if he were here,
He would be ſafe, in ſuch a ſtir?
Ay, ſafe be ſure, whate'er they do,
I wiſh we had him here juſt now,
Then ſaid he, John he's in your houſe;
But to ſalute him, be cautious:
Becauſe your wife, nor none elſe knows,
By the name of Lewis Cawe he goes,
My ſervant, a ſurgeon's ſon in Grief,
Like us, brought to trouble and grief:
Therefore behave when in you go,
That none within the houſe may know.
So home they came, and in he goes,
Then courteouſly poor Lewis roſe,
Bare-headed ſtood, bonnet in hand,
But John could not himſelf command,
Burſt out in tears, and on him flew,
O-hon, O-hon, What's this on you!
From ſplendor into deep diſtreſs!
He cry'd and could no more expreſs.
Wife and ſervants ſtood in amaze,
And did upon poor Lewis gaze.

1 Malcom in a paſſion flew,
ſwore that he had fools enow,
y'd them to another place,
told his ſiſter all the caſe,
: he and poor Lewis was in,
ged her forthwith for to run,
bind her ſervants to ſecreſie,
lſe they ſoon would ruin'd be.
Then his ſiſter knew what gueſt he was,
kindneſs ſhe did the more expreſs,
ſaid, Upon her very knees
I travel for to give him eaſe.
y then to conſultation went,
get him to the Continent:
iuſe the iſles were dangerous,
iers ſearching every buſh,
1 then into the Laird he went,
ry how his affection bent,
ong-wind ſtories laments his caſe,
eing hunted from place to place,
ſaid the Laird, were he now here,
ay my life to get him clear,
ſet him ſafe on the main land,
1 John he told him, clean off hand,
re he was, and in what place,
to his conſcience left his caſe.
ell him, I'll be with him ſoon,
ee what quickly ſhall be done.
1 went home, the Laird ſoon came,
1 loyal affections, as Chief o's Clan,
told, That for him he did provide
ood ſtout boat, pilot and guide,
t he himſelf deſign'd to go
he main land with him alſo,
ouſand bleſſings on him prays,
wiſh'd him long and happy days.
ien Malcom ſaid, he would return,
ch caus'd the Prince in tears to mourn:
ain, *he ſaid, Will* you leave me now?
e main land, what ſhall I do?

Then ſaid the Laird, leave that to me,
On the main land I'll you ſupplie.
Sir, ſaid Malcom, by now I'm miſs'd,
By friends, by foes, and this I truſt
For to be ta'en, when I return,
Then I'll tell a tale of my ſojourn,
Of all my travels, how I was here,
Seeing my friends and ſiſter dear,
But if they chance us to purſue,
They'll hear of me along with you:
For anſwer then, what could I ſay?
What man ye was, or gone what way?
Which accordingly it came to paſs;
For he twelve months confined was,
And ſaw great London for the ſame,
There try'd and came with Flora hame.
So to the boat they all did go,
Which lay upon the ſhore below:
And as to it they did draw near,
Two men of war there did appear.
Came cruiſing in before the wind,
Hard on the ſhore as they deſign'd,
Which cauſed them to ſit down a ſpace,
And ſmoke a pipe in a hollow place.
A ſilver ſtock-buckle to Malcom he *gied*,
And ten guineas too in his *loof* he laid,
Which he did oftentimes refuſe:
But begg'd ſome trifle that he did uſe;
Then, ſaid he, Captain, Your pay's too chea
Beſides, you will have my cutty pipe,
And when you blow't, you'll think on me,
As I have got another you ſee:
And take theſe lines to Murdoch MacLeod,
To pay reſpect to him I'm proud.
The men of war having laid about,
Toward the boat they took the rout,
The writing in the letter this,
As writ verbatim, here it is,

SIR,

Thank God, I am in good health and have got ſ deſigned.—Remember me to all friends, and k them for the trouble they have been at——I Sir, Your humble Servant.

JAMES THOMSON.

CHAP. XII.

ry dangers and hardſhips on the main ſhore. ets with ſix men who relieve him. Almoſt rved. Goes to Lochaber. Meets with Lochiel. ts off from Moidart.

OW, the men of war being out of ſight,
On the eight of July at eight at night,
laird of MacKinnon, John by name,
h a pilot, guide, and four boat-men,
on board with him they went,
arry him to the Continent.
night indeed was fair and clear;
not above a mile they were,
wind and waves did riſe in ire,
s Providence we may admire,
ich ſeemed to be frowning on him,
very waves ſtriving to drown him,
l on their boat came ſtraight a-head,
oat with men all well armed;
the ſea was high, the wind ſo blew,
l nought but preſent death in view,
y hail'd each other, and that was all,
as no time to ſearch or call:
l not this ſtorm proved their frien',
d ſurely in their clutches been.
l when they reached the main land,
der the lee they're forc'd to ſtand,
s pilot ran her into a creek,
paſt the breakers, 'mong ſand and rock,

There they landed him and his guide,
And thus'd no longer to abide:
But to the ſea again did go:
Becauſe the ſtorm did fiercely blow.
And as they were returning back,
A boat from Morar did them 'ttack;
And old MacKinnon was pris'ner made,
Being, by direction, to him led,
By a party who did the two purſue,
And the boat who of them had a view
The night before, when going over,
The facts of all they could diſcover,
At Morar on his going back,
The laird of MacKinnon they did take,
And prov'd the deed which he had done,
For which they ſent him to London,
In Southwark goal long did he ly,
With heavy fetters did him ty,
Till in Forty-Seven the next year,
By act of Grace he got home clear.
Now Charlie went to Glen-Braſdale,
Where he heard tell of brave Lochiel,
Who about Lochaber was lurking there;
But to get to him great dangers were:
As a line was form'd from Inverneſs,
Which reached to Fort-Auguſtus,
From thence unto Fort-William again,
Night and day ſtood armed men.
The word, in a few minutes, did wheel
From end to end, *All is well;*
And from Fort-William to Locharkaig-he
Another line was alſo made.
Thus he did in Glen-Braſdale ly,
Till circled almoſt every way,
Gen'ral Campbell with four hundred men,
Upon the ſouth-weſt ſide did land:
Captain Scot, with five hundred more,
Advancing from the eaſter ſhore,
And came within two miles of way,
They knew not what to do or ſay:



ent for Cam'ron of Glen-Pan,
chus'd to be his guide and van,
ovat's country for to go,
braes of Locharkaig as he did know,
them went Glenaladale and his brother,
dale's two boys, there was no others
went the guide on's hands and knees,
r paſt the Prince and the two boys,
aladale and his brother at laſt,
ur'd by the night, they quietly paſt
ear their tents, they heard them ſnotch,
ere day, got far out of their reach,
it ſafe into Glen-Morriſton,
Glenaladale and him alone.
ne day, as they a travelling were,
a deſert mountain there,
aladale chanc'd to loſe his purſe,
forty guineas which in it was,
money behind it they had none,
Prince's being ſpent and gone.
le Glen. return'd his purſe to ſeek,
lie lay down at a buſh cheek,
there appear'd unto his view,
and of ſoldiers not a few,
upon that very ſpot
ere they had met, wer't not the lot
aining for that very purſe,
t them from what had been much worſe.
cloſe he lay, ſlie as a tod,
g at ſome diſtance from the road,
ſaw them take another rout,
t they'd meet Glen. he had no doubt,
g gone quite the contrary way,
which he thankfully did pray.
n. found his purſe and turn'd again,
y chang'd their rout through a wild glen,
ere nothing had they for to eat,
forty hours they wanted meat;
k *and weary* were they both,
r indeed they had enough;

Yet Glen. refus'd, and ſaid, I f
They may be King's-men wate
But in the Prince goes to the h
Which them in ſuch confuſion
Six ſturdy thieves reſided there.
Who at their dinner ſitting wer
At a weighty piece of boiled B
For hungry men n bleſt relief.
Peace be here, the Prince did c
You're welcome, ſir, they did
One ſtar'd at him, then up he
Ah Dougal MacColony, is this
I'm glad to ſee thee, with all
Sit down with us and take a p
By winks he found that he was
Return'd him thanks, and then
Ate hearty, and ſeem'd very m
Talk'd of the times, found by
That ev'ry one ſpake as his frie
And h d all at Culloden been;
But only one of them him knev

For meat and drink we do not want,
Of ſilver and gold we are not ſcant:
And ſince 'tis ſuch a roaring time,
To ſteal and rob we think no crime."
ıe other five were call'd and told,
ho did rejoice him to behold,
ıd ſwore that he ſhould with them ſtay,
ll he found it ſafe to get away,
ween Strath-Ferrar and Glen-Mo[illegible]
ıey kept up huts, yea more than one;
ıd kindly there did entertain him;
ı the very laſt they did befrien' him,
ıd ere that he ſhould taken be,
ıey every man would for him die.
hile here he liv'd on ſtolen beef,
ght ſuddenly there came relief:
ıd'rick MacKenzie, a merchant-man,
t Ed'nburgh town had join'd the Clan,
ad in the expedition been,
ıd at this time durſt not be ſeen,
ing ſkulking in Glen-Morriſton,
.m the ſoldiers lighted on.
ear about the Prince's age and ſize,
ntteely dreſt, in no diſguiſe,
ev'ry feature, for's very face,
ight well be taken in any caſe,
nd leſt he'd like a dog be hang'd,
e choſe to die with ſword in hand,
ıd round him like a mad-man ſtruck,
owing alive he'd ne'er be took.
eep wounds he got, and wounds he gave,
t laſt a ſhot he did receive,
nd as he fell, them to convince,
y'd, Ah! Alas! *You've kill'd your Prince;*
r murderers and bloody crew
w had no orders thus to do.
his did confirm them in the thought,
t was the very man they ſought;
ıd *ere that he* was really dead,
ey forthwith did cut off his head.

Scarce took they time the corpſe to bury,
Being ſo o'erjoy'd, in ſuch a hurry.
To Fort-Auguſtus they went with ſpeed,
Triumphing o'er poor Charlie's head.
All who had ſeen him, came it to view,
And vow'd the face was juſt and true;
The very barber who us'd to ſhave him,
The ſim'lar treats ſeem'd to deceive him:
But, ſaid he, wer't on his body ſet,
And ſpake, his voice I'll not forget.
Then to the Duke in haſte they're bound,
And claim'd the thirty thouſand pound.
The Duke thought now the work was done,
When Charlie's head was to him ſhown;
Call'd in all out upon command.
And caus'd the militia to diſband;
The ſhips of war went to the ſouth,
And Charles' death did paſs for truth.
He then for London took his rout,
On July eighteenth did ſet out,
As brave Culcairn had ſent him word
Of Lochiel's death, ev'n as ab urd——
When pland'ring of Locharkaig iſle,
He found the graſs cut through the pile,
Thinking it was ſome hidden ſtore,
He digg'd it up, and found therefore
A man's body, who dy'd of a ſore wound,
As appeared when they view'd him round;
A fine Holland ſhirt he on him had,
Which ſoon they whirled o'er his head.
Being ſo much uſed to plunder,
To rob the dead thought little wonder,
And him they judg'd to be Lochiel,
Yet a near friend of his they tell,
One Cameron, ſon of Callavat,
After which, Lochiel no hunting gat,
Suppoſing him and Charlie dead,
Though it was two others in their ſtead.
So all the parties far and near,
To Fort-Auguſtus did retire:

: ſome of them were ſoon ſent back,
burn and plunder, and to take
ıe great offenders at Barriſdale,
which attempts they oft did fail:
although the Duke's to London gone,
ning and plunder ſtill went on.
low, the Prince into Lochaber went,
s ſeat of Lochiel, where he was beat
know if he in life might be,
word of's death o'er all did flee,
d the Prince's death ſo ſtruck Lochiel,
ıt neither did bemoan himſel;
each lamented for the other,
d wept as one would for a mother;
when they heard both were alive,
meet in haſte they did contrive,
ng only twenty miles between,
brother, the doctor, did them conveen,
ih the other brother, John the Prieſt,
o had ſincerely been in queſt,
ough many a mountain, wood and glen,
d found him out with eager pain,
) a but, built in a wood,
.r Achnaſual where it ſtood.
rles at a diſtance did them ſpy,
le him and Achnaſual fly,
knowing what kind of men they were,
what might be their buſineſs there:
being inform'd, ſoon turn'd again,
)rac'd with tears in tender ſtrain,
hearing that Lochiel was well,
heart-felt joy did not conceal.
Prince was now in a poor dreſs,
rty's picture in diſtreſs,
ack coat with many patches,
footed, and wanting breeches,
ſigns of roy'ltie or pride,
ark and piſtol by his ſide,
weather-beaten, his gun in's hand,
a Gibeonite once in Canaan.



With a horſe load of
Meal and ſalt, bread
And with him brough
Which did their whole
How the young Pieten
O'er Corriarick, had p
That they were both a
And with them thirty
This caus'd him longer
As ſafely there he could
If a new ſearching ſhoul
His watchmen here were
Diſmiſs'd Glenaladale for
With the men came from
Kept with him only Capt
Cameron the prieſt, and o
With Cluny's children, th
And tour about on watch
About this time from D
Sixty gentlemen, who in a
As volunteers had freely

en to be a Flanders ſpy,
'd for ſame end, he came that way.
other was Monſieur de Berards,
fficer of the French guards,
from the gallows was beſtien'd,
by cartel again redeem'd.
other two wandered about,
Lochgarie ſent, and found them out;
ngers they ſeem'd, but who could know
ther that they were friend or foe?
ain MacRow did them invite,
ochgarie's with him to meet,
im they plainly did unfold
n whence they came, and that they would
ſee the Prince, or yet Lochiel,
ing letters to them and words to tell,
lſe to one call'd Captain Drummond,
more they would reveal to no man.
ochgarie judg'd they might be ſpies,
ve to be cautious and wiſe,
: he ſent them to Lochiel,
h what ſuſpicion he had himſel:
hiel order'd the Prince to come in,
ler the name of Captain Drummond,
:hey the Prince did never ſee,
told them where the two ſhould be,
e him a letter bring, as from him come,
tell their ſecrets unto him,
l this the Prince actually did,
: in a hut, built in a wood.
l kept converſe with them a day,
n to meet Lochiel went on his way,
to conſult what might be done,
: of Scotland once for to win:
the ſmall ſhip the Frenchmen left,
ite off the coaſt were, all abaft,
l never did at all appear:
: forc'd homeward with dread to fleet,
d the officers, as I heard tell,
re kept, by orders of Lochiel,

Moſt ſecretly into a hut,
Until a ſhip was ready got.
While the Prince yet at Clun's hut lay,
One morning early of the day,
A child of Clun's came running in,
Crying, " O hon! the red-coats and the gun
Which caus'd them hurry out and ſee
A party coming, and that right nigh:
Cluny, John Cameron and his ſon,
Into the wood did quickly run.
Clun ſtood their motions to behold,
The others run to the Prince and told:
He ſleeping was in another hut,
Farther in the wood and more remote;
They plainly ſaid, they were ſurrounded;
Then up he roſe no ways confounded,
Says he, My lads review your guns,
And let us die like Scotland's ſons,
For me, I've been a ſhooter bred,
To miſs a mark I'm not afraid;
Yet we'll eſcape them if we may,
And live to ſee a better day.
Captain MacRow and Clun's old ſon,
Were in another hut alone,
He ſent for them, they came with ſpeed,
And to the hill did all proceed,
Being eight in number they were no more,
Soldiers they ſaw above five ſcore.
But what gave them the moſt ſurpriſe,
Was that the ſoldiers had paſt their ſpies,
Which they had planted round about,
Them to inform of every rout:
This caus'd them to be the more afraid,
And think they ſurely were betray'd.
Then a hill-top they march'd unto,
Where of the party they had a view;
And all around could no more ſpy,
Then what were of the firſt party.
Next to Maliantagart's top they flee,
High above the braes of Glenkeugie;



Then Cameron, the prieſt, and Clun's ſon,
To make diſcovery did backward run.
Two hundred men, had gone that way,
Headed by Knockardo of Strathſpey,
A going to plunder Barriſdale,
And of Clun's ten cow's left not a tail,
Which he few days before had bought,
When burnt his houſe, and left him nought,
And yet they thought it was no crime,
To plunder him a ſecond time,
The very hut they rummaged,
Out of which they had lately fled,
Clun in the wood all the while lay,
And ſaw them drive his cows away,
Until perceiving they were gone,
Then he return'd, crying, O-hon,
What, ſhall I ere thus plunder'd be?
For ſhelter now where ſhall I flee?
Went with his ſon for bread and cheeſe,
Four bottles of whiſk they did not ſeize:
His ſtores all under ground were hid,
Cover'd with turf into the wood.
Being midnight ere they reach'd the ſpot,
Where Charles lay trembling and wet,
They drank the whiſk and eat the cheeſe,
Then of the heather made a bleeze.
When day came in, beck'd by the ſun,
They lay and ſlept till afternoon;
Then took their travels that very night
Auchnacarie came full right,
High waters to their cleavings high,
It was the night, they could not ſee.
On the morrow they kill'd a cow,
Soof they fill'd their bellies fu',
Of but bread, ſalt or ſallad,
Hunger reliſhed their palate;
Cold the fleſh, bread was before,
Unkful were they had ſuch ſtore,
Country being burnt and plunder'd,
No way to live no way they had.

On the next day Lochgarie came,
And with him doctor Cameron,
On their return back from Lochiel,
They bade the Prince for ſafety ſtill,
To droſs the hills near Badenoch;
For Athole braes were ſafe enough,
Among good friends could ſkulk a while,
Till time was found to leave this iſle,
Whereat the Prince was well content,
And to their journey then they went,
Travell'd by night and ſlept by day,
Through many a glen and awkward way.
Lochiel and he again did meet,
And loud they cry'd like infants ſweet,
Contrived now what ſhould be done,
Once more all hazards for to run.
His brother the prieſt, of modeſt mouth,
To hire a veſſel they ſent ſouth,
To take them off from the north ſhore;
Becauſe that coaſt was watch'd no more.
But ere that he could get that done,
They found another far ſafer run,
On north and weſt they watches ſet,
Upon the French ſhips for to wait,
Still thinking that the Dunkirk ſloop,
Might yet be hovering round about,
From which the Frenchmen did come,
And ſtill attempt, to take them home:
Their ſignals to many ſhips they us'd,
But ne'er a one to anſwer chus'd.
Now col'nel Warren had got to France,
And brought a privateer from Nantz,
With three hundred and forty men,
Well-arm'd, with thirty guns and ten,
Of carr'ge and ſwivels which ſhe bore,
The beſt ſailor he could procure,
The Bellona, of St. Maloes by name,
To anchor in Loch Moidart came,
And here the col'nel came on ſhore,
To a houſe where he had been before.

out the Prince for to enquire,
chance the watch was waiting there,
o knew what rout the Prince was gone,
d made it to the col'nel known,
ides theſe officers of note,
o now were lurking in a hut.
en to the Prince expreſs he ſent,
w was the time for his intent,
o did ſet out that very night,
d meſſage ſent to all he might,
th ſpeed at Moidart to appear,
th Warren, on board of privateer,
e two officers likewiſe came,
d met the Prince, who daſh'd their frame,
aute with him they'd been ſo free,
en they took him Drummond to be.
t nevertheleſs he ſmil'd it over,
ping from ſuff'rings they'd all recover.
who came did haſte on board,
ſt went himſelf, then ſheath'd his ſword,
gretted ſore, he was ſo kind,
many ſuff'rers left behind.

CHAP. XIII.

Arrives at France. Reception there.

THUS on September, the twenti'th day,
He from Loch-Moidart ſail'd away.
e wind was low, the waves were kind,
clear the land they much inclin'd,
tempeſts rag'd as in times before,
now the blaſt of fate was o'er,
foes on ſea did them perplex,
l ſafe at Roſcort, near Morlaix,
ey on the twenty-ninth did land,
r Charlie and his broken band,
o all *had* ſurely been bewitch'd
Spaniards, and the ſubtile French,

So for his honour, I underſtand,
A *Feu-de-joy* they did command.
That he ſhould in proceſſion come,
With ſound of trumpet, beat of drum,
In the firſt coach there was conducted,
Lord Og'lvie, Elcho, and Glen-Bucke:
And with the Prince, there next came
Lochiel, and Lord Lewis Gordon,
Pages around, with ten footmen,
The Prince of Wales' liv'ry on them,
Kept by the Prince on ev'ry ſide,
While thouſands did admire their pride
Here Kelly, who broke London tower,
And Stafford, late from Newgate bow
Who both from priſon ſtole away,
And in Britain could no longer ſtay,
Young Lochiel brought up the rear,
With three gentlemen of the bed-cham
Theſe did all on horſeback prance,
In proceſſion to the court of France.
That night the Prince ſupt with the K

The Britiſh troops they did not ſpare,
Which was not altogether fair,
Commanded by Og'lvie and Lochiel;
But Charles took no command himſel.
Incog. he once to Madrid went;
But ſoon return'd right ill content:
For about this time his brother gat,
From Rome's Biſhop a Card'nal's hat,
Which does not any honour bring,
To Princes of Proteſtant ſpring,
In connexion with ſuch a See,
No Proteſtant can ever be,
At this great Charles was much ſhagrined,
Would hear no more from him as friend,
Omitted ev'n to drink his health,
Meaning he'd pledge his ſoul for wealth.
While he at Paris did reſide,
Were ſilver and copper medals made,
With an inſcription thus expreſt,
CAROLUS WALLIÆ PRINCEPS."
his in letters round the head;
the reverſe BRITANNIA, read.
en ſhips with this motto you'd ſee,
AMOR ET SPES BRITANNIÆ."
s did offend the French grandees,
did the King himſelf diſpleaſe:
d inform them, that he thought,
pay was poor for what he wrought.
here we leave him now
iew his fa

Where ſome other reg'ments alſo went,
The Flanders war being ſtill extent.

CHAP. XIV.

Trial and Execution of ſeverals at Kenſington, Brampton, and Carliſle.——The Lords Kilmarnock, Cromartie, Balmerino, Lovat, and Charles Ratcliff.

POOR Scotland yet did ſigh and moan,
Becauſe her ſuff'rings were not gone,
A time of trial for her deeds,
Where many loſt their hearts and heads,
The mildeſt was Kenſington muir,
Not far from London to be ſure,
Seventeen officers by the neck
Were hung like dogs, without reſpect:
No clergy benefit, or pſalms at a',
Cheer'd by the mob with loud huzza:
Elev'n at York, ſhar'd the ſame fate;
Sev'n at Penrith, thus too were treat:
Six at Brampton likewiſe feH:
And nine were butcher'd at Carliſle:
Many were ſent to the Plantations,
To live among the ſavage nations,
Which indeed was a milder act,
Than what was in the following tract,
Of theſe poor ſouls at Carliſle,
Whole execution was ſo vile,
A wooden ſtage they did erect,
And firſt, half ſtrangl'd by the neck,
A fire upon the ſtage was borne,
Their hearts out of their breaſts were torn,
The privy part unſpared was,
Cut off, and daſh'd into their face;
Then expanded into the fire;
But ſuch a ſight I'll ne'er deſire,
Some beholders ſwooned away,
Others ſtood mute had nought to ſay.

ome of a more brutiſh nature,
out Huzza, to ſeal the matter,
a mourning turn'd about,
ying for their ſouls, no doubt,
curs'd the butcher, Haxam Willie,
ithout remorſe did uſe his gullie,
or the ſame a penſion got,
butchering the Rebel Scot.
eep all foes, and friends of mine,
death of ſuch a cruel kind:
fulfil an Engliſh law;
ich a ſight I never ſaw.
ay it ever a warning be,
rebellious mobs, to keep us free!
ear Scotsmen, a warning take,
ior pow'rs not to forſake,
the Apoſtle's words, of law and love,
g, *All power is giv'n from above.*
y will of heav'n Kings do reign,
hain of Fate's not rul'd by men.
thing muſt ſerve its time,
ſo have Kings of Stewart's line:
inks they're fools, whate'er they be,
draw their ſwords to ſtick the ſea,
ll upon the wind to bide,
s not that ſtrength will turn the tide;
gh praying made the ſun to ſtand,
help'd by an Almighty hand;
hoſe who fight without offence,
out a dreadful recompence;
thoſe who truſt in France or Spain,
fools if ere they do't again:
ieſs poor Charlie and the Scots,
t have they got, but bloody throats?
lie's from France baniſh'd like a thief,
or reward for's toil and grief.
ſimple Charles they have thee tricked,
wage is almoſt like the wicked.
w the trials were brought on,
e Chiefs who had with Charlie gone,

My lord Kilmarnock and Cromartie,
In Weſtminſter-Hall judged to be,
Lord Lovat and Balmerino,
One Mr. Ratcliff indicted alſo
Before their peers for high treaſon,
Were to the bar brought one by one,
Lord Kilmarnock did firſt appear,
Who humbly own'd his guilt was clear,
Confeſs'd his folly, its heinouſneſs,
How obnoxious to puniſhment he was.
For offences of ſo deep a dye,
Begg'd they'd interceed with's Majeſty,
That the unſhaken fidelity
Of his Anceſtors ſhould remember'd be,
His father having been a ſteady one,
In promoting the Revolution,
Took active meaſures to ſecure
The proteſtant ſucceſſion to endure,
Which keeps the kingdoms quiet and ſin
From Arbitrary and Popiſh harm:
This was well known for certain truth.
His own ev'ry action from his youth,
Upon the ſtricteſt enquiry
Was a courſe of firme loyalty,
Until that very unhappy time,
He was ſeduc'd with them to join,
Soon after the battle of Preſton,
He by flatt'ry was prevail'd upon:
That he bought no arms, liſted no men,
Perſuaded none to join that train:
He endeavour'd their rage to moderate,
For ſick and wounded med'cines gat,
And for priſoners begg'd lenity,
This many a ſoldier could teſtify.
That for his error he had feel'd ſmart,
With pining grief and aching heart;
Ev'n at Culloden, chus'd not to fly,
But rather among the ſlain to ly:
He wiſh'd Providence had aim'd a ſhot,
That there to fall might been his lot,

e'd flee to foreign power for aid:
hat he never wou'd, he ſaid;
did ſo, conſcience would tell,
continuing in Rebellion ſtill:
d ſeen a letter from the French court,
ritiſh Sovereign to exhort,
at manner he ſhould deal,
ſuch ſubjects as did rebel.
e abhor'd the mediation
y foreign interceſſion;
is Majeſty's great clemency,
cred mercy I rely,
f no favour's to me ſhown,
reſignation, I'll lay down
ad upon the fatal block,
receive the dreadful ſtroke,
my very laſt breath fervently pray,
he illuſtrous houſe of Hanover may,
ce and proſperity ever ſhine,
Britain rule to the end of time.
e Earl of Cromartie came next,
all their eyes were on him fixt,
gg'd their Lordſhips for to hear,
ingrateful guilt brought him there,
juſtly merited indignation,
Majeſty, and all the nation,
eaſonable offence, ſaid he,
ne'er attempt to juſtify,
ea did on their compaſſion ly,
is Majeſty's royal clemency:
l'd to his conduct in time bygone,

As men of honour be men of f
" My griefs to you needs no rev
He pled his blood might quench
That their inn'cence ſhould be k
That thoſe to mis'ry might not b
Who of his guilt had never thoug
Since public juſtice would not let
From him that cup of bitterneſs,
Deſir'd their Lordſhips to go on,
And ſaid, *The will of God be done*
Then Balmerino next came on,
Who, as friend or foe, regarded no
But ſtar'd about and looked as bol
As he had been judge that court t
And 'gainſt them mov'd a point of
His indictment was not worth a ſtr
As being in the county of Surry fo
For acts of treaſon in Scotland gro
Therefore ſhould be in Scotland tr
But this the houſe of Lords deny'd
And ſaid, *The Britiſh Par*
Rul'd a



in Britain, in 1745 a

Their eſtates forfeit to the cr
Which makes the babes unborn
And parents folly to lament.
So to the Tow'r they all were ſe
For to prepare for their exit,
And with a greater Judge to mee
Kilmarnock was as a Chriſtian m
The time though ſhort he well im
Balmerino took little thought,
As by the Sacrament all was boug
And the externals of the book,
His perſuaſion did no farther look.
When the Dead Warrant was to hi
To Cromartie they did preſent
A remit for life and libertie,
But the other two Lords were to die
While Balmerino at dinner ſat,
The tidings came, how, and what
Was to be done on the next day,
His lady roſe and ſwoon'd away;
He roſe from's chair, ſays, You're diſ
t is no more than I expected,
it down, my lady, and did conſtrain
ſhall not make me loſe my dinner,
know we all were born to die,
om death at laſt, where can we flee
his mild words ſhe kept her ſeat;
t ne'er a bit at all could eat.
took the Sacrament, they ſay,
er th' Epiſcopalian way,
h a Roman courage and reſolution,
lly waited his diſſolution,
of his fate oft made a jeſt.
ch to Engliſh eyes wou'd be a feaſt,
ften walked without his coat,
ſhirt open about his throat,
of his friends unto him told,
wrong his health by getting cold,
hich he anſwered again,
aſe of it was near an end,

'Twas the height of folly to repair,
For all the time it had to wear.
On the next day, the ſtage being erect,
All rail'd about and hung with black,
A thouſand foot-guards march'd theretil,
And form'd betwixt the Tow'r and Hill.
The ſtage within the line enclos'd,
A full free paſſage ſo compos'd,
The horſe Grenadiers poſted without,
As to awe the croud they were more ſtout,
Thus was it fixt right ne'er until
The Tranſport-office at Tow'r-hill,
Which, that day, was hir'd for reception,
Until they went to execution.
About the hour of ten o'clock.
Upon the ſtage they fixt the block,
Which cover'd alſo was with black,
And of ſaw duſt had ſeveral ſack,
For to ſprinkle upon the blood,
Being judged for that purpoſe good,
Their cover'd coffins within the rails,
Ornamented with gilded nails,
And plates, with their inſcription,
Were fixed upon ev'ry one—
'Twas thus upon Kilmarnock's plate,
In Capital letters engraved,"

GULIELMUS COMES DE KILMARNOCK,
DECOLLATUS 18*mo.* AUGUSTI,
ANNO DOM. MDCCXLVI.
AETAT. SUAE XLII.

His Coronet was thereto added,
Upon the plates likewiſe engraved,
And Balmerino's inſcription,
Was deeply grav'd the plate upon.

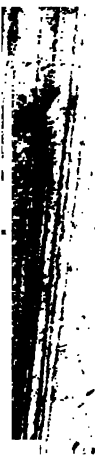
ARTHURUS DOMINUS DE BALMERINO,
DECOLLATUS 18*mo.* AUGUSTI,
ANNO DOM. MDCCXLVI.
AETAT SUAE LVIII.

Thus plac'd in a conſpicuous light,
With a Baron's Coronet ſhining bright.

n after ten, near half an hour,
wo Sheriffs went to the Tow'r,
'd at the gate, the Porter cry'd,
do you want? They then reply'd,
odies of these Lords two,
rnock and Balmerino.
ieutenant and his Wardens brought
two Lords for whom they sought,
ot receipts for each of them,
ual is to give the same.
l as they past out from the Tower,
usual said as they leave the door.)
less King George the Warder cry'd,
less K—g J——s, Balmerino reply'd,
Kilmarnock made a humble bow,
almerino, seem'd nought to rue,
gimentals and all was on,
ame as he had at Culloden.
w, this procession slowly steers,
r a guard of musqueteers,
heriffs and their officer's,
r-hamlets and tip-staves in pairs,
hearses and a mourning coach,
the scaffold did approach,
clergymen were there also,
ne with Balmerino
of the Episcopalian strain,
thers were Presbyterian men,
had of late from Scotland come,
names were Forester and Hume,
did upon Kilmarnock wait,
ing in his last exit.
to the tavern first they went,
e some time in devotion spent,
aking of their friends farewel,
did anguish and grief reveal:
the tavern they did go,
ask'd, Which is Balmerino?
ro'd about and smiling says,
Balmerino, if you please.

In the Inn they're put in ſeparate rooms,
Where mourning was and heavy moans,
Then Balmerino he did require
A conference with Kilmarnock there.
Then ſaid, " My Lord, before we go,
" One thing of you I want to know,
" That of it the world we may convince;
" Heard ye of orders from our Prince,
" If we had Culloden battle won,
" That quarters ſhould be given to none?"
To which Kilmarnock anſwer'd, NO;
NOR I, Sir; cry'd Balmerino,
" It ſeems this on invention borders,
" To juſtify this way of murders."
" No," ſaid the Earl, " By inference juſt,
" To tell the truth, for ſo we muſt,
" While priſoners at Inverneſs,
" I heard ſome officers expreſs,
" That an order was ſign'd by George Murray
" Of ſuch a nature as what you ſay,
" That's Grace the Duke had it to ſhow;
" More of the matter I do not know."
" If Murray (ſaid he) did the ſame,
" Why did they give the Prince the blame?"
And then a final farewel he took,
And parted with a mournful look,
" I'm ſorry (he cry'd) as he was gone,
" That I cannot pay this ſcore alone."
Then turning round upon his heel,
For time, my friend, for ay farewel.
Kilmarnock ſome time in pray'r ſpent,
While tears did flow from all preſent,
Then took a glaſs to cool his heart,
Before he did the room depart,
The warrant him mention'd firſt to go,
And being inform'd it muſt be ſo,
Then to the ſtage he did approach,
Seeing the hearſe, coffins, mourning coach,
The dreadful block, edg'd inſtrument,
With the executioner and crowd's lament,

ıus'd a while, and thus ſaid he,
me, 'tis terrible to me!
ale countenance, contrite demure,
ıity from all around procure,
; tall and graceful, cloth'd in black,
ɔraying poſture, mildly ſpake,
h did the multitude ſurpriſe,
e brimiſh tears ſhowr'd from their eyes,
many ſaid, *He's dying well,*
'er he liv'd we cannot tell.
ıead-cutter firſt took a glaſs,
came to aſk him forgiv'neſs;
lrink did not quite drown his fears,
ıe awful ſcene he burſt in tears:
he Earl bade him not be afraid,
muſt be done by ſome, he ſaid,
him five guineas in a purſe,
bade him ſtrike without remorſe,
hen I let my handkerchief fall,
) you proceed by that ſignal."
i eyes and hands lift up in pray'r,
earneſtly he did require,
pray'rs of's greateſt enemy,
all the crowd around that be,
e fatal moment of exit,
Jesus might receive his ſp'rit,
d for King George moſt fervently,
bleſs'd his royal Family.
e promis'd to do at his end,
i that day he was condemn'd.
ıen for the block he did prepare,
ɣentlemen ty'd up his hair,
off the bag and the big coat,
eck made bare all round the throat,
black cuſhion he kneel'd down,
e friends ſtood weeping all around:
nournings off the rails they threw,
all around might have a view,
eck *right on* the block it lay,
hands ſtretcht out to ſwim away,



Which quickly to the h
And clear'd the block
By ſprinkling freſh ſaw-
The ſign of ſlaughter th
Then Balmerino he c
Like a bold Hero from t
Who of death itſelf was
At leaſt, he ſhow'd but
Cloth'd in his regimental
Trimmed with gold a wa
He prayed to God, and n
But fear of men was paſt
Drank to's friends and left
And charg'd them all for
Ain degree to heav'n for m
And wiſh'd them better ti
Then ſaid, *Gentlemen a lo*
I'm detaining both myſelf
Then to the ſcaffold he wen
No ſigns of ſorrow, fear or
And round it walk'd

'm ſorry I can add no more to it,
But my coat and veſt, I will allow it,
The buttons, indeed, they are but braſs,
But do thy buſineſs ne'ertheleſs,
Stript off his coat and neck-cloth too,
And them upon his coffin threw;
A flannel waiſt-coat then put on,
With a tartan cap his head upon,
Then ſaid, For honour of the Clan,
This day I die as a Scotsman.
Then adjuſted his poſture on the block,
Shewing his ſignal for the ſtroke,
Was by dropping of his arms down:
Then turning to his friends aroun',
He once more of them took farewel,
And to the crowd around did wheel.
Perhaps you'll think that I'm too bold,
This to a gentleman he told,
Whom he perceived ſtanding near,
But, Sir, I ſolemnly declare,
'Tis all through confidence in God,
A ſound conſcience and cauſe avow'd;
If I diſſemble with ſigns of fear,
I were unworthy of dying here.
Then to the executioner ſaid,
Strike reſolute and have no dread:
For I'll ſurely count you for a foe,
Unleſs you give a hearty blow,
To the ſtage ſide did then retire,
And call'd the Warder to come nigh'r,
Aſking which was the hearſe for him,
Bade the driver come nearer in,
Immediately kneel'd to the block,
Stretch'd out his arms, and thus he ſpoke,
"O Lord reward my friends he cries,
"And now forgive mine enemies,
"Receive my ſoul, good Lord, I crave,"
So his arms fell, the ſignal gave.
At this unlook'd for ſuddenneſs,
Th' executioner ſurpriz'd was,

Did unprepar'd direct the blow,
That deep enough it did not go,
Before the ſecond he turn'd his head,
As if in anger his jaws they gade,
Gnaſhing his teeth ſo veh'mently,
The head went off by blows three,
Upon red baize, the chopt off head,
Was in coffin with his body laid.
Then the two hearſes drove away,
To the grave where Tullibardine lay,
In St. Peter's church into the Tower,
Is theſe three Scots Lords' ſepulchre,
All for one cauſe, into one grave,
Whom French deluſion did deceive.
Next Charles Ratcliff was execute,
For an old heroic exploit,
In the rebellious year fifteen,
Had with his brother at Preſton been,
James the Earl of Derwentwater,
Who likewiſe ſuffer'd for the matter.
About thirty years before,
He loſt his life and land therefore.
This Charles too was condemned;
But he from Newgate ſafely fled,
By ſlipping through a private door,
Along with other thirteen more,
Who by good fortune had the chance,
For to get ſafe away to France:
And he with King James went to Rome,
And zealous Papiſt did become.
Twice return'd to England again,
Thinking his pardon to obtain;
But when he found it would not do,
A French commiſſion he clapt into,
And there remain'd till Forty-Six,
When he thought, as heir, to refix,
Upon the lands of Derwentwater;
But yet he did not mend the matter;
For as he did for Scotland ſteer,
On board of a French Privateer,



in Britain, in 1745 and

The Sheerneſs catched him at ſea,
With Scots and Iriſh more than he
Bold officers for the Pretender,
Who yet were forced to ſurrender.
His Sire was Sir Francis of Derwent
By extract from a Royal fornicator;
His mother's name was Mary Tudor
From Charles the ſecond, a natural b
Her mother's name was Mary Davis,
Whom the King lov'd as any mavis:
By this he came of Stewarts' line,
And blood to blood doth much incline
Yet, b' equivocation to get free,
Deny'd himſelf Ratcliff to be,
After the identic body's prov'd,
He for arreſt of judgement mov'd,
Said, He was a French officer,
Claim'd uſage as a priſoner,
Being taken in a lawful war,
To touch him did them boldly dare:
But all this prov'd of no effect,
For the old crime he loſt his neck,
Committed in the year Fifteen,
Though three and thirty years between.
Upon December the eighth day
He to Tow'r-hill was laid away,
Where ſtage and block they did up fix,
And cut his head off at three licks.
Yet of his death he was right vain,
Gave his neck-cutter guineas ten,
His coffin was made fuperfine,
Its handles all like gold did ſhine.
In Roman faith he liv'd and pray'd,
And in that ſort of faith he dy'd;
Yet ſeeming repentance he declin'd
In Purgatory to be refin'd;
That ſalvation ſo a cooking,
To think no more of death than ducking.
Going ſtout a Pope's believer,
To death as he would ſwim a river;

DECOLLATUS
MDCCXLV

Requie

After the cutting off
His corps were in the
And carry'd back into
Where they lay till the
That a proceſſion of m
Unto St. Giles with hi
To the Earl of Derwen
And here poor Ratcliff

Now comes Lord Lov
And Chief of all the Fr
Was next before his pee
Moſt of th' impeachment
Half dead with age, and
Which did them plague,
For when they cry'd and
He anſwer'd on ſome othe
And told them, it was no
As he did not hear one

you judge I have been kind to foes,
is but what the word allows.
Yet his ſervants were witneſs led,
every deed done and ſaid,
ſupporting the rebellious way,
nd ſo their proof bore heavy ſway,
hat Charles drank that afternoon,
hen from Culloden he did run.
ien for his life was no remead,
e was condemn'd to loſe his head,
hich he bore in a heroic way,
; an ancient Roman thus did ſay,
JLCE ET DECORUM PRO PATRIA MORI,
'is ſweet and glorious a Patriot to die.
ie proof was ſtrong, though he deny'd,
is letters alſo were apply'd,
hich he to Lord Preſident ſent,
hen he advis'd him to repent,
nd recal his ſon and men again,
hich counſel he held all in vain,
ying, He had ſix hundred Fraſers got,
) guard his body from the King's hate,
nd aſk'd from whence ſuch law could come,
; puniſh a father for the ſon?
s ſon and the young Clan were loſt,
:t of the old he made a boaſt,
iat if his perſon were attack'd,
's foes ſhould be in gallops hack'd,
ch were the brag's in a letter ſent,
as writ unto Lord Preſident,
hen he advis'd him for his good,
) call his clan from Charlie's cloud:
ght! that he would, and die at home,
; it was not far unto his tomb,
hen dead, his country-wives he'd have
ones to ſing around his grave.
kewiſe he wrote, I underſtand,
nto the Duke of Cumberland,
minding him, that he with joy,
d *him* to carry when a boy,

Through Kingſton-park and Hampton-Court,
And to his royal Sire made ſport,
So, of his Grace he did demand
The favour but to kiſs his hand,
And told him he would do more good,
Than what they really underſtood.
Says he, 'twill be a better way,
Than take a poor man's life away,
Who cannot ſtand, ride or walk;
But only ly, or ſit and talk.
To this the Duke no anſwer gave,
'Tis like, he wiſh'd him in his grave.
A zealous Roman did to him write,
And had in him ſo great delight,
That he offer'd to ſuffer in his ſtead,
Whereat he ſmil'd, and jeering ſaid,
This man's contrair Scripture, I ſee,
For a righteous man one'll hardly die:
But for me, indeed, I'ſe no regard;
For I doubt he'll hardly be preferr'd.
When to the ſcaffold he was borne,
He looked round the croud with ſcorn:
Preſerve me Sirs, then did he ſay,
What's brought a' thir fowk here the day?
To ſee an auld gray head cut aff,
That canna gang, no wi' a ſtaff,
But maun be borne here by men,
The like o' this we ne'er did ken,
Then view'd the hatchet and the block,
Said, a ſtrange way of killing fowk,
To the executioner, ſaid he too,
There's nae man works, friend, after you,
But you'll have a little job of me,
My neck's ſae ſhort, ſtrike cannilie,
Here's a bit purſe, gi't a guid drive,
I needna wiſh your trade to thrive.
Then fell a ſcaffold which rais'd a roar,
He did enquire the cauſe therefore:
They ſaid, A ſcaffold's fall'n and many kill'd.
" *A weel,* ſaid he, their time's fulfill'd,

" I thought this day, to dy'd my lane:
" But the beſt of fowk will be miſtane:
" I cannot ſay, I am ſorry for't,
" For the mair miſchief, the better ſport."
Then after *Ave Maria* and pray'r,
With *Salve Regina*, in a heroic air,
He laid his head upon the block,
And there receiv'd the fatal ſtroke,
In the eighty-third year of his age,
Thus dy'd on Tow'r-hill, on open ſtage,
Old Simon Fraſer, Lord Lovat,
[2]Gainſt rebellious Plots a Caveat.

CHAP. XV.

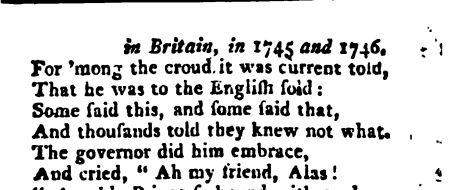
Concluſion. Charles interrupts the Congreſs. Is ſeized at the Opera. Carried to the Caſtle of Vincennes. And forced to leave France.

NOW France was kemm'd on every ſide,
And Charles' reward was humbling's pride,
By ſea, by land, poor France was done;
She begg'd for peace to draw her win'.
No ſhip durſt from her harbours ſteer,
Man of war, merchant, or privateer,
Her trade was ſtopt, by ſea and land,
Bold Britain did the ſeas command:
She ſued for peace at any price,
But Charles' affairs made it right nice.
At Aix la Chapelle did the Congreſs hold,
And when Charles thereof was told,
He proteſted 'gainſt what might be done,
In prejudice of his pretenſion:
For all his titles he would keep ſtill,
Let Britain and France do what they will:
And this perplexed Lewis ſore,
And anger'd Britain ſtill the more,
So with France no peace there could be made,
While ſhe the Pretender harboured:

France durſt not on her part ſay No,
Leſt ſhe ſhou'd get the fatal blow,
Britain now aſk what you will,
France can promiſe and not fulfil.
The Articles were all agreed,
But neither ſign'd nor ratify'd,
Until poor Charlie was ſent away
Which he poſtponed every day,
And inſtead of haſtening to go,
He gave the King's gold-ſmith to know,
That he wanted a ſervice of plate,
At twenty thouſand crowns in rate,
Charg'd to be ready 'gainſt ſuch a day,
Without excuſes or delay,
Before this work was well begun,
Another the King muſt have as ſoon,
This put the jeweller in dread,
Straight to the Prince he did proceed,
Told him the matter, begg'd more time,
No, ſaid he, the firſt order's mine,
Go to the King and let him know—
Then ſaid Lewis, *Let it be ſo*,
Thinking that he was going away,
But yet this caus'd ſome more delay.
The plate was made and to him ſent,
Ev'n by the King's commandement,
And his Comptroller the charge to pay,
Hoping 'twould haſten him away,
But Charles told him very plain,
That he in France would ſtill remain,
For he had full right to do ſo,
By an alliance treaty long ago,
And this he might let Lewis know.
On this the King wrote ſtraight to Rome,
To adviſe what plan he might aſſume.
The Pope and Pretender did approve,
That Charles ſhould from France remove,
As the King for him would provide,
At Tribourgh a palace to reſide,

what yearly penſion he ſhould demand,
nt him a blank from his own hand,
name the ſum though e'er ſo high,
gn'd by his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty.
ie Duke de Graves with it was ſent,
ho begg'd he'd write the ſum's content,
to the blank with his own pen,
it down he threw it with diſdain,
ying, Bills and Bonds will ſeem but froth,
Sovereigns cannot keep their troth.
hen came the Count de Maurepas,
ith Charles to argument the cauſe;
s it was the King's expreſs command,
hat he ſhould forthwith leave the land,
he chus'd not in peace to do it,
heir ſcheme was to compel him to it,
hat the miniſtry were greatly ſtruck,
t his behaviour and conduct,
ſtopping the whole of their affairs,
his is what the Count's commiſſion bears.
Your Miniſtry, cry'd he, with diſdain,
ou'll oblige me, tell your King and them,
m born, I truſt their ſchemes to break,
nd how to do't, I could direct:
ut, I hope, the time will ſoon draw on,
/hen that good work it will be done.
About this time from London came,
wo hoſtages of worthy fame,
s pledges of the peace to be,
nd articles to ratifie,
/hile the French had none to London ſent:
t which the Prince a ſquib did vent,
Vhat! is Britain conquer'd, he did ſay,
hat their hoſtages are here away?
nd is French faith ſo current grown,
hat hoſtages they aſk for none?
his league ſhall yet like poor mine go,
Vhich was ſworn to a few years ago.
his did the Miniſtry enrage,
nd nought's for Charlie but the cage.

plate and jewel
His behaviour did through
And all did own him, hard
Then by the King an ord
Directly to have him confin'
Twelve hundred guards did
Horſe and grenadiers were h
All armed and Cap-a-pee,
Set round the Opera carefull
The Duke de Biron had com
But loth to take the deed in
Caus'd Major Venderville exe
Who did not with much hon
Six luſty ruffians were prepar'
Who waiting ſtood within the
And as he enter'd the Opera
They ſeiz'd him faſt, and ſque
His hands and arms in the ſqu
The guards around kept off th
Who had the Prince in great e
And wiſh'd their help him to r
His ſervants and each



For 'mong the croud it was current told,
That he was to the Engliſh ſold:
Some ſaid this, and ſome ſaid that,
And thouſands told they knew not what.
The governor did him embrace,
And cried, " Ah my friend, Alas!
" A noble Prince ſo bound with cord,
" Upon my word, I'm ſorry for't."
And them in haſte with his own hands,
Reſpectfully unloos'd his bands:
But to a dark apartment led him in,
Was only ten foot ſquare within,
No window to look any way,
A ſky-light ſhew'd ſome peep of day.
When he view'd his priſon round and round,
Said, He'd been worſe into Scots-ground;
Poor Charlie this was hard to thole,
To clap thee in a French black-hole!
And there he was confin'd to ly,
Till to depart he did comply,
As the Pope and King James did deſire,
That he from French ground ſhould retire.
When finding that it muſt be ſo,
He freely did conſent to go,
Two Col'nels went, as it appears,
To ſee him paſs the French frontiers:
They took the rout to Fountainbleau,
And to his dungeon bade adieu,
He did not love to be confin'd,
So now the peace was fairly ſign'd,
And Charlie baniſh'd like a fool,
Who was only us'd as a French tool,
And to Scotland a ſcourge and curſe,
I mean by waſte of blood and purſe,
But in time to come, dear countrymen,
O do not do the like again!
The Popiſh oaths ye'll find a puff,
When ye get on the neck a cuff;
For in ages paſt you may ſee plain,
Theſe are the tricks of France and Spain

For to be peaceable and good,
Till they are in a fighting mood,
And then a quarrel they will breed
For any thing they ſtand in need.

THE END.





A

QUAKER'S ADDRESS

TO

PRINCE CHARLES,

SHEWING,

What was the Cauſe and Ground of his Misfortunes.

NOW Charles, if thou want'ſt more ſorrow,
Thou may return it 'twere to-morrow.
I know, the Pulpit and the Preſs
Were the great means of thy diſtreſs,
And thou hadſt got no wit to guide it,
No principle thou had provided.
Hadſt thou like Oliver appear'd
In devout mood, thou might been heard:
But a Prince without a Principle!
What thou couldſt be, I cannot tell.
The Proteſtants look'd badly on thee,
So many wicked hang upon thee,
And of thy forbearers, they plainly tell,
Of Popery thou bear'ſt a ſmell,
Thou truſtedſt nought to ordination,
But thought to force a crown and nation.
I tell thee, Kings reign not by men,
'Tis a higher Power, thou'lt find it plain.
The Pope, the Pagan, and the Turk,
'Tis all by fire and ſword they work;
We Quakers are of greater merit,
We conquer none but by the Spirit:
But thou, and each thy like's a cheat,
That pretend to rule the turns of Fate,
And will fight againſt the great Decree,
As of winds and waves would ruler be,——
The Pope pretends to curſe and bleſs,
And yet cannot create a Louſe,

Nor make a dead beaſt live again,
For all the might he does preten':
Yet claims a power in heav'n and earth,
Of judgement here there is a dearth,
But O! what madneſs fills their head?
To pray to ſaints thouſand years dead!
If dead men had ſuch power to ſell,
Many of them wou'd been living ſtill,
And if theſe dead men they could hear us,
They might ſometimes ſend news to cheer us
By Yea and Nay, the Popes are thieves,
And he's as ſtupid that believes
Theſe roguiſh Prieſts, who pardons ſell,
Or yet pray back a ſoul from hell.
He's ſurely of the devil's kind,
Who thus deludes the vulgar blind;
And who adheres to ſuch a college,
Will be deſtroy'd for lack of knowledge,
With Beads and Wafers, the Devil's batter,
Your muſty Maſs, and Holy Water,
Wherewith ye blind the ſouls of men,
For to encreaſe your worldly gain,
Done with pretence of holineſs:
O hypocrites, why live you thus?
You thump, you mump, with face awray,
And at one time ye rob and pray,
Pretend ſo much to chaſtitie,
None of your prieſts can married be,
Yet run like rams, and lead lewd lives,
Ye're but a pack of venereal thieves:
You practiſe cuckoldom and whoredom,
That innocents have no freedom,
Dreading the power of curſe and bleſs,
You thus put modeſty in diſtreſs,
Pretending miracles and charms,
To keep from evil ſpirits' harms,
Such as clover-leaves, and branch of yew,
Will keep the devil from man or cow,
And that Holy Water has ſuch effect,
As make him run and break his neck;



Ay, to the vulgar too you'll tell,
Of ſending letters to heaven or hell,
Brings half burnt ſouls from Purgatory,
For gold you'll hatle them out in hurry,
And thoſe who cannot money raiſe,
You'll do it for butter, beef, or cheeſe;
But they may there ſtay eternalie,
Whoſe friends will not pay you a fee:
I think a ſtronger deluſion,
Was never in any ages known,
The Turk, the Pagan, and the Jew,
More mercy have to ſhow than you,
Your ceremonies ſo ye cook,
The devil gets none but poor fo'k,
Who cannot pay the prieſt his fee:
Accurs'd be ſuch belief for me.——
And now, dear Charles, how doſt thou think,
Such doctrine would in Britain ſtink,
Into a Preſbyterian's noſe,
Or any who good plain ſenſe knows?
Diſſenters and we they Quakers call,
Proteſt, they're not of Iſrael,
Who pretend a power to damn or ſave,
Or bear a rule beyond the grave.
All is given us from above,
And ſouls are ſaved by mere love;
But the ſp'rit of men, which ſome hold money,
I term it but the devil's honey,
Wherewith you blind the ignorant,
And cozen them who hate repent:
But as thou profeſs no principle,
Thou might have turn'd a *What ye will:*
But thoſe who no profeſſion own,
Are of kin to the beaſts alone:
They ſurely have but little wits,
Who eſteem no God above their guts.
What wa'ſt thou ſought? What wa'ſt thou got?
Surely 'twas nothing but thy lot,
Though Popes pretend to rule the earth,
They cauſe nought but a ſp'ritual dearth.

As they can neither rule earth nor sea,
Witness what has befallen thee:
It surely makes your Pope a knave,
To pretend a pow'r beyond the grave:
Had his apostolic pow'r been true,
Thou wou'dst been King of Britain now.
Wert thou a Protestant in heart,
I'd wish thee very well in part;
But the last wish thou'lt get from me,
Is, God keep our land of Pop'ry free!
May the throne continue in Protestant race,
And ne'er a Papist fill his place.
Thus saith to thee an honest Quaker,
Thou ne'er shalt here be a partaker:
For all Rome's plots and magic spell,
'Tis seldom now they prosper well,
Her days of witchcraft are near run,
Few *Ave's*, or *Te Deum's* sung,
A Mass that's mumbled o'er in haste,
Spoke in the language of the beast,
Which but by few is understood,
Poor chaff instead of sp'ritual food:
But ignorance, the Papist's lay,
Is unto heaven the nearest way:
But, O ye wretches, this I doubt,
While you the sp'ritual light keep out,
And teach so freely, and oft hard,
To break the very Lord's command,
And on no other things lay hold;
But trust the priest, and give him gold.
All sins by them are pardoned,
So by the mole the; eor are led:
Not blinded nations or ideots,
But the rich, learned reprobates,
Who will not from sinning hold,
As long's they have one bit of gold.
Wo will be to such priests, I say:
For hell's prepar'd for such as they.

NATHAN NOY

*** The impeachments againſt L. George M
ray, and John Murray Secretary, accuſed of trea
ery by the Public, are here omitted, thought in ſ
reſpects to be groundleſs, at leaſt of Lord Geor
For there is never a battle loſt, but the commar
gets the blame, and when one is won, the c
mander gets all the praiſe, as if the ſoldiers
done nothing: And it is further obſerved, after
loſs of a battle, it is the cry of the public and
runaway ſoldiers, *We are Sold, We are Sold.*

The following Copy, mentioned by Lords
marnock and Balmerino, on the day of their
cution, is here inſerted *verbatim*—The public
left to judge whether it is ſpurious or not, as
Author does not pretend to judge in the affair:
ly it was judged ſpurious by D. William him
and ſeveral officers, who knew the order of w

Copy of the REBELS' ORDERS before the B
TLE of CULLODEN, (*ſaid to be*) found in
Pocket of one of the Priſoners.

Parole, *Roy Jaques.*

"It is his Royal Highneſs' poſitive orders,
every perſon attach himſelf to ſome corps of
army, and remain with the corps night and
until the battle and purſuit be finally over: an
give no quarters to the Elector's troops, on
account whatſoever.——This regards the foot
well as the horſe.——The order of battle is t
given to every General, Officer, and Comma
of a regiment or ſquadron.

It is required and expected of each individu
the army, as well Officer as Soldier, that he
the poſt he ſhall be allotted: and if any man
his back to run away, the next behind ſuch
is to ſhoot him.

No body, upon pain of death, is to ſtrip
ſlain, or plunder, until the battle is over.——
Highlanders to be in kilts, and no body to
away their guns."

(*Signed*) GEORGE MURRAY.

Miſs FLORA'S *Lament.* A SONG.

Tune, *Woes my heart that we ſhould ſunder.*

WHEN that I from my darling paſs'd,
My love increas'd like young Leander,
With the parting kiſs, the tears fell faſt,
Crying, Woes my heart that we ſhould ſunder.

O'er mountains, glens, and raging ſeas,
When wind and waves did roar like thunder,
Them I'd encounter again with eaſe,
That we were ne'er at all to ſunder.

O yet I did to Malton go,
And left my darling ſwain to wander;
Where was one friend, were fifty foe;
And I myſelf was then brought under,

By a rude band of bloody hue,
Becauſe I lov'd a young Pretender;
If it were undone, I would it do,
O'er hills and dales, with him I'd wander.

From ſhip to ſhip, was toſs'd about,
And to the Nore did me ſurrender;
Crouds of rude hands, I ſtood them out,
And lov'd none like my young Pretender.

To great London, I came at laſt,
And ſtill avow'd my paſſion tender;
Thinking for death I would be caſt,
For ſerving of my young Pretender.

But thanks be to the Georgian race,
And the Engliſh laws, I judg'd untender,
For they thought nought of all my caſe,
Although I lov'd a young Pretender.

They charg'd me to the Highlands go,
For womens wit, and ſtrength was ſlender;
As I ne'er in arms appear'd as foe,
In defence of a young Pretender.

O were my Swain at Malton gate,
Or yet at Sky I'd be his lover;
In ſpite of all the laws of late,
I would call him ſweet darling rover.



THE

AUTHOR'S ADDRESS

TO

ALL IN GENERAL.

NOW gentle readers, I have let you ken,
My very thoughts, from heart and pen,
'Tis needleſs now for to contén',
Or yet controule,
For there's not a word o't I can men',
So ye muſt thole.

For on both ſides, ſome were not good,
I ſaw them murd'ring in cold blood,
Not the gentlemen, but wild and rude,
The baſer ſort,
Who to the wounded had no mood,
But murd'ring ſport.

Ev'n both at Preſton and Falkirk,
That fatal night ere it grew mirk,
Piercing the wounded with their dirk,
Caus'd many cry,
Such pity's ſhown from Savage and Turk,
As peace to die.

A woe be to ſuch a hot zeal,
To ſmite the wounded on the ſel',
Its juſt they get ſuch groats in kail,
Who do the ſame,
It only teaches cruelty's real,
To them again.

I've ſeen the men call'd Highland Rogues,
With Lowland men, make *ſhange* a brogs,
Sup kail and broſe, and fling the cogs
Out at the door,
Take cocks, hens, ſheep and hogs,
And pay nought for.

I ſee'd a Highlander, 'twas right drole,
With a ſtring of puddings, hung on a pole,
Whip'd o'er his ſhoulder, ſkipp'd like a fole,
Caus'd Maggy bann,
Lap o'er the midden and midden-hole,
And aff he ran.

When check'd for this, they'd often tell ye,
Indeed *her nainſel's* a tume belly,
You'll no gi'et wanting bought, nor ſell me,
Herſel will haet,
Go tell King Shorge, and Shordy's Willie,
I'll hae a meat.

I ſee'd the ſoldiers at Linton-brig,
Becauſe the man was not a Whig,
Of meat and drink, leave not a ſkig,
Within his door,
They burnt his very hat and wig,
And thumpt him ſore.

And thro' the Highlands, they were ſo rude,
As leave them neither clothes nor food,
Then burnt their houſes to conclude,
'Twas tit for tat,
How can *her nainſel* e'er be good,
To think on that.

And after all, O ſhame and grief,
To uſe ſome worſe than murd'ring thief,
Their very gentlemen and chief,
Unhumanly,
Like Popiſh tortures, I believ,
Such cruelty.

E'en what was act on open ſtage,
At Carliſle in the hotteſt rage,
When mercy was clapt in a cage,
And pity dead,
Such cru'lty approv'd by every age,
I ſhook my head



So many to curſe, ſo few to pray,
And ſome aloud huzza did cry,
They curs'd the Rebel Scots that day,
As they'd been nowt
Brought up for ſlaughter, as that way
Too many rowt.

Therefore, Alas! dear countrymen,
O never do the like again,
To thirſt for vengeance, never ben
Your guns nor pa',
But with th' Engliſh, e'en barrow and 'en',
Let anger fa'.

Their boaſts and bullyings, not worth a louſe,
As our King's the beſt about the houſe,
'Tis ay good to be ſober and douce,
To live in peace,
For many I ſee, for being o'er crouſe,
Gets broken face.



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